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# COLLIER'S

## ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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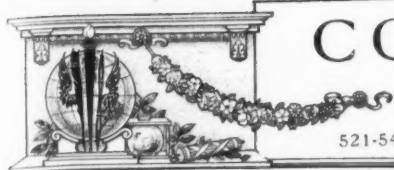
LAST summer an exploration party crossed a low divide a few miles north of Field Station, British Columbia, and found a valley walled in by glaciers and guarded by peaks over 11,000 feet high in which are the Takakkaw and Twin Falls, the one 1,400 feet, and the other 1,200 feet.

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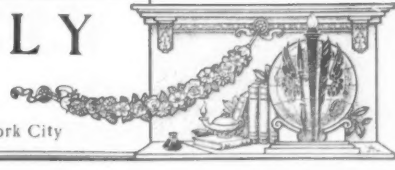


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## The WEEK

THE COUNTRY IS STILL TALKING ABOUT THE decisions of the Supreme Court in the great insular test cases. It seems to be difficult for a large part of the public to understand precisely what is the judgment of the Court. Confusion has arisen from the circumstance that the decisions concerning the status of Porto Rico were apparently in conflict. Hence the common remark, often heard among the people, that the Court had "straddled," or that it had juggled with the Constitution and poor Porto Rico with so much agility that no one could tell where the island stood or what the Constitution had to do with it. But is there any real ground for this misunderstanding? The decisions of the Court, as announced by Justice Brown, are not at all inconsistent one with the other. Nor is there anything in the real intention of the Court, or, for that matter, in the principles on which the decisions are rendered, which should be misunderstood by any one who considers the matter with full information. But, as there are generally two sides to every controversy, we take pleasure in presenting in this issue an able article by Senator Bacon of Georgia, than whom no one is better fitted to present the arguments of the dissenting party. Three important cases were decided. In the first it was held that until the Treaty of Paris, which ceded Porto Rico and the Philippines to the United States, had been ratified by our government, Porto Rico remained a foreign country and duties levied under the Dingley law could be collected on goods imported from that island. To this decision no one offers serious objections. But in the second or De Lima case the Court held, by a vote of five to four, that the moment the treaty was ratified Porto Rico ceased to be a foreign country. The United States had not only title but possession; the island was under our sovereignty and control; our authority was there; our agents were administering the government, without opposition from the inhabitants. In every way the island had ceased to be foreign and had become domestic territory. Inasmuch as the Dingley law levied duties on goods imported from "foreign countries," and from no other, the Court had no recourse, as a matter of statutory construction, but to hold that such duties could not apply to Porto Rico at that time.



JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN

POPULAR MISUNDERSTANDING HAS ARISEN AT this very juncture. It has been assumed that the Court ruled out the Dingley law because Porto Rico had become a part of the United States and had therefore fallen within the Constitutional rule requiring uniform taxes throughout the United States. But such was not the case. The Court held no such thing, directly or remotely. No Constitutional question whatever was involved in this case. As the Court said in its opinion, the "single question raised in this case is whether or not Porto Rico was a foreign country" at the moment the duties complained of were collected. Neither the uniform taxation nor any other rule of the Constitution was at all involved. A single practical illustration should make the whole thing clear. If the Dingley law had levied duties upon goods imported "from foreign countries and from Porto Rico," the Court would have sustained it. In fact, this is what the Court immediately proceeded to do in the third or Downes case, in which it held Constitutional and valid the Foraker act by which Congress had levied a tax upon goods coming from Porto Rico which was different from taxes levied on goods coming from foreign countries, and which, of course, could not stand if Porto Rico were a part of the United States and "covered" by the Constitution. Then what is Porto Rico? It is not foreign country; it is domestic territory of the United States; yet it is not a part of the United States. At first blush this does seem puzzling. But the Court explains very clearly. Porto Rico is "territory belonging and appurtenant to the United States but not a part of the United States" in the revenue sense. In plain language, the Court recognizes the principle that the United States, like any other sovereign nation, can own territory which is neither foreign nor yet an integral part of the

nation over which the Constitution has extended in all its parts and whose citizens are full-fledged citizens of our country. This is not a new principle, even in the United States. It is as old as the nation itself. Our statutes and practices, as the Court pointed out, have always recognized three classes of territory in the national domain: First, the States, source of political power; second, incorporated Territories, or Territories to which the Constitution has been extended by act of Congress; third, territory "subject to the jurisdiction of the United States" but not incorporated.

THEN WHAT IS TO BECOME OF SUCH TERRITORY appurtenant and belonging to the United States? The Court answers very clearly again. It says such territory is under the control of Congress; Congress may determine what is to be done with it; Congress may organize it as territory with local self-government; Congress may rule it through a governor alone; Congress may prepare it for Statehood; Congress may do what it likes except that Congress itself is forbidden by the Constitution to do certain things anywhere, such as to pass an ex post facto law or grant titles of nobility, and these it cannot do in Porto Rico, not because the Constitution applies to Porto Rico, but because the Constitution applies to Congress and bars it from doing certain things anywhere in the world. The argument that the Court has held Congress is superior to the Constitution is baseless, because the Court rules, as every one expected it to rule, that Congress derives its power to govern appurtenant territory from the Constitution itself, which grants authority in these words: "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States." In view of the fact that Congressional rule of territory is a function provided by the organic act, certain critics are wasting a good deal of rhetoric in their contention that the Constitution is dead and Congress is absolute. It seems clear enough—the rule of Congress goes to this appurtenant territory because the Constitution sends it there. In this respect the Constitution itself goes. But the Constitution does not go as an elaborate and articulated rule of government till Congress sees fit to extend it by act. Congress has so extended the organic act to every Territory of the United States which is now an integral part of the nation—to all the Western Territories which were afterward made States—to Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, etc. There is nothing novel in either the doctrine or the practice.

PUTTING THE MATTER AS SIMPLY AS POSSIBLE, the Supreme Court sustains the doctrine of the free hand urged by former Attorney-General Griggs in his recent arguments before the Court. The doctrine of the free hand means that one of the most precious rights of a republic such as ours is to determine by popular opinion when, how, under what circumstances and to what extent the national boundaries are to be enlarged and new peoples be taken within our system. If this right is to be of any value at all it must be exercised by an authority which is in touch with the people, which derives its powers directly from them, a body able to act discriminatively, carefully, consciously, treating each case of acquired territory upon its merits, incorporating one in its wisdom and in its wisdom holding another as appurtenant till it and its people be ripe for closer relationship in the national family. The body designated by the Constitution and by the very form of our government to exercise this power is the Congress, directly chosen by the people. Opposed to the doctrine of the free hand was the theory that no such right exists; that when we go to war and take territory the mere vestment of title in us incorporates such territory as an integral part of the nation whether we wish it so or not; that this incorporation, even if injurious to us and to the people incorporated, cannot be prevented, but takes place automatically, instantly, without the exercise of our will, but even in spite of it. A practical illustration of this theory would be that if the United States had been compelled to accept cession of a province in China as compensation for our losses in that country, the province would instantly have become an integral part of the United States and all its inhabitants citizens of our republic.



JUSTICE HORACE GRAY



EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL JOHN W. GRIGGS

BY A MAJORITY OF A SINGLE VOTE THE COURT has upheld the doctrine of the free hand—the free-hand power being reposed in Congress under direct grant from the Constitution. This is the essence of the decision. Those who quarrel with it will have to quarrel with the framers of the Constitution and the interpretation placed upon their words by the supreme tribunal. If an appeal be taken to public opinion, the appellants will have to show that they speak sober truth when they say the Constitution has been trampled under foot and our form of government changed. All the citations indicate that neither of these propositions is correct. There is no more "absolutism" in the rule which Congress may exercise over Porto Rico than in the rule which Congress has exercised over such American Territories as Arizona, Alaska, and the District of Columbia, the seat of our government. If Congress cannot be trusted to govern a Territory without tyranny perhaps it cannot be trusted to govern at all. Then government through public opinion is a failure. While the people of Territories which have been incorporated enjoy certain Constitutional guarantees, which are to be lacking in appurtenant territory, it nevertheless remains true that Americans never yet set up a government anywhere that was anything but just and humane. If the test is to be the malevolent power of Congress, putting the morale of that body upon the lowest possible plane, then the power to tax, as Justice White pointed out in his opinion, is the power to destroy, and this power Congress exercises over States, Territories and appurtenant regions alike. As Justice Brown said, for the majority, Congress is at all times amenable to public opinion; and the public opinion which through sentimental reasons has insisted upon giving full citizenship to our insular appurtenants is not likely to sit silent if Congress oppresses them.



JUSTICE EDWARD D. WHITE

SOME EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING QUESTIONS have arisen under the Supreme Court's decisions. If Congress may levy any taxes it pleases against Porto Rico, some one asks, in all seriousness, may it also levy such taxes as it chooses upon goods coming from Arizona or New Mexico? It is true that the Court has held the power of Congress over Territories to be plenary, following a long line of similar decisions from the same tribunal. Congress need not give a Territory a republican form of government, judges may be appointed instead of being elected, etc. But Territories like Arizona and New Mexico, over which Congress has extended the Constitution by act, are integral parts of the United States. They have been incorporated through the action of the free hand, just as Porto Rico may be incorporated in due time. Arizona and New Mexico are integral parts of the nation, and the Constitutional rule of uniformity applies there as in New York, or Pennsylvania, or Illinois. Moreover, the Supreme Court holds that once Territories are incorporated Congress has not the power to disincorporate them. Once an integral part of the Union they cannot be put out. The more reason for caution as to what we take in. But over appurtenant and unincorporated territory Congress has free hand, under the Constitution; may levy unequal tariffs, and may even dispose of the region by sale or cession or granting of independence. This latter point was raised by Justice White, and is understood in Washington as foreshadowing a decision from the Bench next October to the effect that the Philippines are not yet even domestic, appurtenant territory of the United States, but a region still foreign for revenue purposes and whose ultimate fate the United States have not determined. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Porto Rico are not citizens of our republic, either. By the terms of the Foraker Act, and through the wisdom of Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, one of the foremost advocates of the doctrine of the free hand, they were denominated "citizens of Porto Rico entitled to the protection of the United States." Such they remain to-day, and in that respect they enjoy all the practical advantages possessed by millions upon millions of American women and also the unfortunate taxed but not represented citizens of the city of Washington.



SENATOR FORAKER

The Editor desires to call attention to the fact that, through an oversight, copyright credit was omitted on the excellent marine photographs by C. E. Bolles, published on page 10 of Collier's Weekly, issue of April 27, 1901.



DR. BARCELONA, SURGEON TO AGUINALDO

EMILIO

AGUINALDO

CHIEF OF STAFF COLONEL VILLIER

AGUINALDO AND HIS OFFICERS IN THE ROOM

OF CONFINEMENT AT THE PALACE, MANILA

DR. BARCELONA, SURGEON TO AGUINALDO AND TREASURER OF THE "FILIPINO REPUBLIC"

AGUINALDO AND HIS PERSONAL STAFF, DR. BARCELONA AND COLONEL VILLIER, ON THE PIAZZA OF MALACANAN PALACE, ADJOINING AGUINALDO'S ROOM

EXTERIOR VIEW OF AGUINALDO'S ROOM (IN THE UPPER STORY, WITH DOUBLE WINDOW)

## AGUINALDO IN CAPTIVITY

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," AND COPYRIGHTED BY M. C. BUCKLEY, MANILA. (SEE PAGE 22)



# WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO PORTO RICO?

By SENATOR A. O. BACON OF GEORGIA

## CITIZENS OR SUBJECTS—FREE TRADE OR REVENUE



SENATOR A. O. BACON

IN THE CASE of *Downes vs. Bidwell*, recently decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, the direct question involved and adjudicated was the constitutionality of the Act of Congress which, in the language of the Chief-Justice, "requires the payment of import duties on merchandise brought from a port of Porto Rico as a condition of entry into other ports of the United States."

The question of the political status of the Porto Ricans as citizens, in their relation to the United States, was not at issue, and was not directly and authoritatively adjudicated by this decision.

It is none the less true that the legal propositions upon which is based the judgment of the Court, speaking through a majority of its members, will, if adhered to in a future case presenting the direct question, require the ruling that the inhabitants or citizens of Porto Rico are not citizens of the United States. One can be a citizen of the United States only through the provisions of the Constitution of the United States and laws made by authority and in pursuance thereof. It is impossible, as a legal proposition, that one can be a citizen of the United States whose only local residence and citizenship is in a country over which the provisions and authority of the Constitution do not extend.

The essence of the decision of the majority in the *Downes* case is, that the Constitution does not extend with its jurisdiction over Porto Rico, and that its provisions do not limit and control Congress in legislating for that island. It is true that the learned Justices concurring in the majority decision shrink in the course of their several opinions from the momentous conclusions which necessarily follow as the inevitable and logical result of their contention; but the basic principle upon which the judgment of the Court rested was expressed by Mr. Justice Brown, when in the opinion of the majority delivered by him he said: "In short, the Constitution deals with States, their people, and their representatives."

## SUPREME COURT WILL REVERSE ITS DECISIONS LATER

The conclusion necessarily intended by the learned Justice, although not expressed at this point, is that, as Porto Rico is not a State the Constitution does not deal with it or with its people. If not, then manifestly the people of Porto Rico cannot be citizens of the United States.

It would be scarcely becoming in an individual upon his personal judgment to make the suggestion, but it may not be out of order to say that the luminous and forceful opinions in this case pronounced by Chief-Justice Fuller and by Mr. Justice Harlan, representing the views of themselves and also of Justices Brewer and Peckham, so clearly demonstrate the inconsistency and the contradictions in the argument and propositions of the majority, that a future decision by that majority declaring Porto Ricans to be citizens of the United States is not an impossibility. The reasoning which leads to and justifies the conclusion of the majority of the Court, that there are binding in Porto Rico the fundamental guarantees of the Constitution of life, liberty and property, but that the guarantee of the Constitution of uniformity of taxation does not extend to its people, may also, by the same rule of logic, lead that same majority to the conclusion that the guarantees of the Constitution of the rights of citizenship do inure to their benefit, although in their opinion Porto Rico is not a part of the United States.

If it be a correct ruling that a Court may, in construing the Constitution, divide it into convenient segments, and in their discretion distribute a part here and a part there to newly acquired territory which Congress has already organized into a civil territorial government as a part of our permanent national domain, being governed the while in making such distribution by suggestions of convenience and expediency, possibly in the future there may be allotted to Porto Rico that segment of the formerly indivisible instrument which carries with it the guarantee of American citizenship.

## FORAKER ACT DENIES CITIZENSHIP

However this may eventuate, it is not to be questioned that the purpose of the Act of April 12, 1900, commonly known as the "Foraker Act," the constitutionality of which was challenged in the *Downes* case, is to deny to the Porto Ricans United States citizenship. The origin and the evolution of that Act in its progress toward final enactment plainly demonstrate the intent and design in this regard. The history of this evolution is not without interest and is significant of the influences and purposes which controlled in its enactment.

The original bill, which after the most remarkable transformation was finally enacted into the law of April 12, 1900, for the organization of a civil government for the island of Porto Rico, had its suggestion and prompting in the annual message of the President, which was sent to Congress in December, 1899. In it the President, in a sentence which will ever be famous in the political history of this time, urged upon Congress the discharge of the "plain duty" which this government owed to Porto Rico. He said: "Our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariff between the United States and Porto Rico and give her products free access to our markets."

## EVOLUTION OF THE PORTO RICO BILL

This bill was introduced January 9, 1900, by Senator Foraker and referred to the Committee on "Pacific Islands and Porto Rico," of which he was then and still is the

chairman. It provided for the organization in Porto Rico of a territorial government which, with the exception of the "Executive Council," was in all respects substantially as free as the territorial governments theretofore existing within the limits of the United States. It declared among other things: "That all inhabitants of the island continuing to reside therein, who were Spanish subjects on the 11th day of April, 1899, and then resided in Porto Rico, shall be deemed and held to be citizens of the United States, except such as shall have elected to preserve their allegiance to the crown of Spain." Again: "That all the laws of the United States relating to commerce, navigation and merchant seamen are hereby extended to and over the island of Porto Rico." Again that: "All merchandise coming into the United States from the island of Porto Rico, and all merchandise going from the United States into the island of Porto Rico, shall be admitted into the respective ports of entry free of all tariffs customs and duties." And again that: "There shall be levied, collected and paid upon all articles imported, except from the United States, into the island of Porto Rico, the rates of duty mentioned and prescribed in the schedules and paragraphs of the Dingley Act of July 24, 1897."

The bill gave to the people of Porto Rico the election of their territorial "House of Delegates," and also gave to them the right to elect a delegate to the House of Representatives of the United States, who would be entitled to a seat therein on the same terms as those enjoyed by delegates from other Territories within the United States.

Under the bill thus framed, and doubtless with the concurrence of the leaders of the dominant party, there was no question of the purpose to recognize the Porto Ricans as full citizens of the United States and to accord to them all the rights, privileges and benefits which they would properly be entitled to enjoy as such. On the contrary, such purpose was expressly avowed in the bill.

## HOW THE TARIFF BILL CAME ABOUT

After this bill had been referred to the committee there appeared in Washington Mr. Oxnard, the president of a number of the principal beet sugar manufacturing industries in the United States. He asked for a hearing upon the bill by the committee. Stated briefly, when he appeared before the committee he urged that there should not be free trade relations between the United States and Porto Rico. He contended that there should be a tariff upon the trade with Porto Rico, not because this particular trade was of sufficient volume to make such tariff important, but because in legislating for Porto Rico it was necessary to establish a precedent which would justify the enactment of a tariff law when we came to legislate for other island possessions.

The Senate Committee yielded to this insistence and reported back to the Senate the bill providing for the levying and collection of tariff duties upon the trade between the United States and Porto Rico. No material changes, except in the way of amplification, were made in the bill by the committee, except such as related to this tariff regulation. The amended bill which thus came back with a favorable report from the committee still, by express provision, recognized the Porto Ricans as citizens of the United States, and, with the exception of the denial of the right of unrestricted trade with the United States, accorded to them, by express provisions, substantially all the rights of citizens of the United States, including the right to elect a delegate to the House of Representatives of the United States.

## MIX-UP OF TARIFF AND CITIZEN

When this bill in the amended form came up for discussion in the Senate it was, in the debate, pointed out by the opponents of the amendment that the Porto Ricans could not be citizens of the United States and could not send a delegate to Congress unless Porto Rico was a part of the United States, and that if the island was a part of the United States the amendment establishing a tariff on trade between it and the remainder of the United States was necessarily in conflict with the provision in the Constitution that: "All duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States."

There could be no successful reply to this objection. The provisions of the amended bill were in these regards manifestly irreconcilable, and one feature or the other of it must necessarily be sacrificed. Its movers and advocates were placed in this dilemma—either the tariff amendment imposing tariff duties on trade between Porto Rico and the United States must be eliminated from the bill, or a further amendment was necessary under which Porto Rico should be practically declared not to be a part of the United States and the inhabitants of the island pronounced not to be citizens of the United States. The latter alternative was chosen, and in order to maintain the tariff on the trade between the United States and the island the status of the Porto Ricans as citizens of the United States was destroyed by amendments engrafted upon the bill.

## PLAN FOR A VAST COLONIAL SYSTEM

The right of Porto Rico to be recognized as a part of the United States, the right of Porto Ricans to be citizens of the United States and their consequent rightful privilege to be represented by a delegate elected by them to the National House of Representatives, were all sacrificed in order that there might be inaugurated a movement for the establishment of a vast colonial system outside of the Constitution.

That this was reluctantly done by the dominant party in Congress is not to be denied. It was not their original purpose, but it became necessary to destroy American citizenship in Porto Rico in order to lay the foundation for the colonial empire which was designed. That this act of destruction had careful and deliberate consideration before its determination is manifest, not only from the time consumed in the evolution of this law, but finds assurance in the character of the Republican members of the committee of the Senate by which it was reported and recommended. The Gallinger members of the Senate Committee are Messrs. Foraker, Gallinger, Perkins, Fairbanks, Nelson, McComas, and Depew—Senators of ability, justly occupying positions in the front rank of their

party and standing in confidential relations with the President.

The bill containing the provision according American citizenship and representation in Congress to the Porto Ricans was introduced January 9, 1900, and on that day referred to this committee. After nearly a month of consideration, the bill was reported back to the Senate, February 5, 1900, still containing the provisions for American citizenship for the Porto Ricans and representation through a delegate in Congress.

It was not until March 1, 1900, after elaborate debate in the Senate had disclosed the necessity, that this committee reported and recommended the amendment which denied American citizenship and representation to the Porto Ricans. Trade discriminations against Porto Rico and American citizenship of the Porto Ricans could not exist together. The Constitution would not tolerate both, and as a dire necessity to the success of the design for trade discriminations and subject colonies, American citizenship for the Porto Ricans was stricken down and all of its attendant and consequent rights, benefits and privileges as well.

## WHOLE THING LEAVES US AT SEA

Under this legislation, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court, the question of the exact relationship of the Porto Ricans to the United States is not one of easy solution. To settle it will probably require that the Court shall again invade the domain of judicial legislation and base a ruling upon some principle found outside of the Constitution. Under the ruling of the Chief-Justice and Justices Harlan, Brewer and Peckham, all the questions growing out of the acquisition of Porto Rico are simple and easily determined by applying to them the time-honored measurements of the Constitution, as recognized in the adjudications of the Court for more than one hundred years. The paths to be pursued under such ruling are straight, simple and safe. Not so with the new and tortuous path marked out by the majority of the Court in the *Downes* case.

Under the Foraker Act and under the principles announced by the majority in this decision, a Porto Rican is not a citizen of the United States, or of any other sovereign country. He is denominated a citizen of Porto Rico, which means nothing, as Porto Rico is not sovereign. He owes allegiance to the United States. Not being a citizen and still owing allegiance, he can only be a subject of the United States—a relation utterly unknown to our Constitution and abhorrent to the genius of our free institutions. In monarchies, all are the subjects of the ruler. In free republics, none are of right subjects, and all are of right citizens. Under the colonial system inaugurated in Porto Rico, there seems no escape from the anomaly of a subject of a hitherto free republic.

## PORTO RICANS CANNOT EVEN BE NATURALIZED

Not only is a Porto Rican not a citizen of the United States while in Porto Rico, but there is no process now known to the law by which he may become a citizen of the United States, if he transfers his residence to one of the States of the Union. The newspapers reported during the past year the case of a Porto Rican who applied to one of the courts for naturalization as a citizen of the United States, who was refused the privilege. There was no other sovereignty allegiance to which could be renounced by him. A resident in Santo Domingo may, by the American courts, be naturalized and thus become a citizen of the United States, but the Porto Rican is turned away, as neither a citizen nor an alien. This, however, is a difficulty which Congress may remove by legislation, if not anticipated by the courts in finding a solution outside of the Constitution and laws of the United States.

In his opinion in the *Downes* case the Chief-Justice, in discussing the propositions of the majority of the Court, says that "the contention seems to be that if an organized and settled province of another sovereignty is acquired by the United States, Congress has the power to keep it like a disembodied shade, in an intermediate state of ambiguous existence for an indefinite period."

This apt illustration may, with equal felicity, be applied to the case of the unfortunate Porto Rican who stands neither a subject of Spain nor a citizen of the United States.

## NO TELLING HOW DECISION WILL AFFECT FILIPINOS

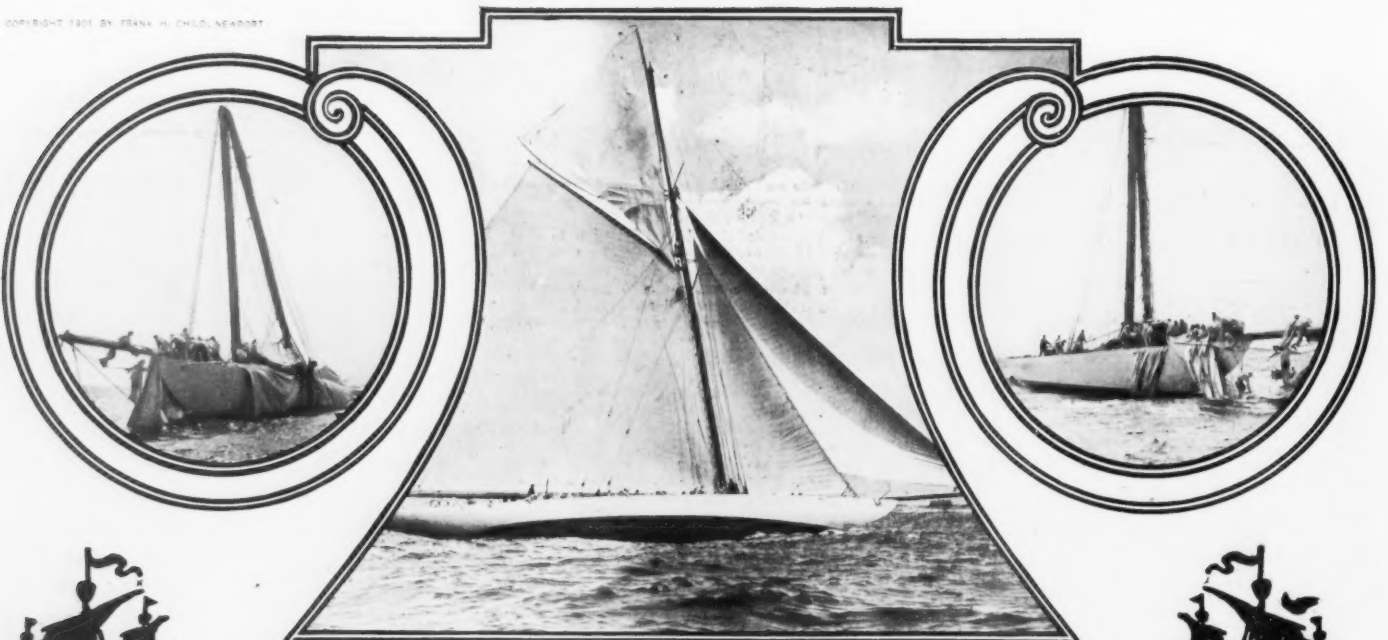
This discussion has been limited to the case of the Porto Ricans and has not been extended to the case of the Filipinos for the reason that there are differences in conditions which do not give opportunity for a satisfactory surmise of what would be the decision of the Court in the case of the latter. Porto Rico has, by Act of Congress, been organized with a civil government. The Philippine Islands are still under a military government. The rules which apply in the one case are thought by some not to be applicable to the other. What would be decided by the courts in the case of the Filipinos is a question still in the air.

## TRADE RELATIONS DEPEND UPON WHO PULLS WIRES

As to the effect upon the business of the country of this decision investing Congress with absolute power unrestrained by any Constitutional limitations, everything will necessarily depend upon the evil or wise exercise of this unlimited power by Congress. The extreme to which Congress, under the ruling of the majority, is empowered to go is tersely expressed as follows by the Chief-Justice:

"The logical result is that Congress may prohibit commerce altogether between the States and Territories, and may prescribe one rule of taxation in one Territory and a different rule in another."

While it is scarcely to be anticipated that Congress will go to such extreme as a total prohibition of trade relations, it is to be reasonably anticipated that some industries will, through influences which they can control, secure from an unrestrained Congress legislation which will be to their benefit and to the hurt of others equally deserving and meritorious, but less skilled or powerful in directing the enactment of laws in their interest.



RUNNING OUT TO SEA—BEFORE THE ACCIDENT



THE RACING CREW OF

THE YACHT "CONSTITUTION"



THE AMERICAN CUP-DEFENDER "CONSTITUTION" AS SHE APPEARED WITH WRECKED MAST, DIRECTLY AFTER THE ACCIDENT

# THE ACCIDENT TO "CONSTITUTION," OFF NEWPORT, JUNE 4

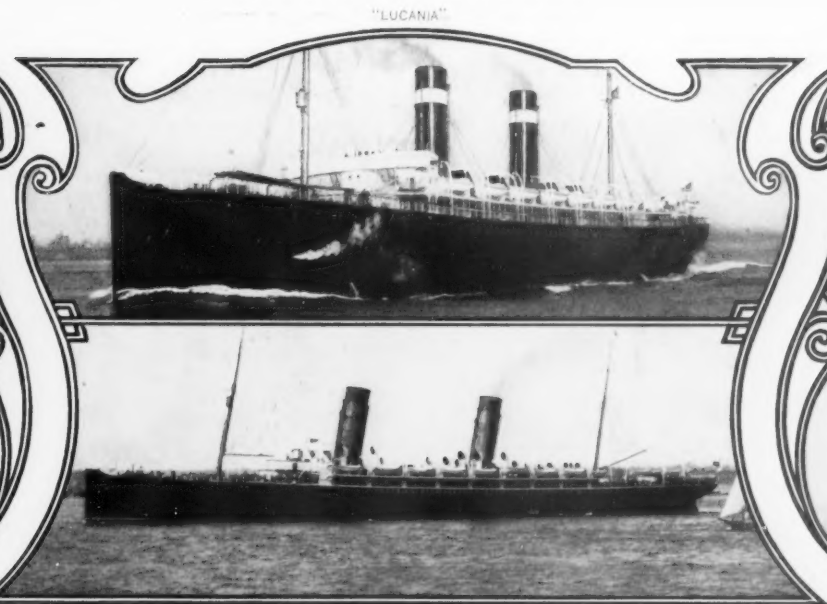
(SEE PAGE 21)



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CAPTAIN JAMISON, OF THE "ST. PAUL"



"ST. PAUL"



CAPTAIN MCKAY, OF THE "LUCANIA"

## MASTERS OF OCEAN GREYHOUNDS

By JOHN C. JAMISON, Captain of the "St. Paul"

### WHEN A RACE IS NOT A RACE

WHENEVER two Atlantic liners happen to reach port at about the same time, after having sighted each other at sea, the newspapers forthwith issue extras containing stories of an alleged "Race Between Ocean Greyhounds." As a matter of fact, "Ocean Greyhounds" never "race" with one another, for their masters would not countenance a contest of that kind. Recently the New York papers printed accounts of what purported to be a "race" between the *St. Paul* of the American Line and the *Lucania* of the Cunard Line. Regarding such reports I can only say that neither of the captains of the ships mentioned in the newspapers would be guilty of disobeying the orders of their superiors or of sanctioning anything with regard to the conduct of their ships that would not be approved by their employers. And certainly contests such as the papers described would be forbidden and disapproved by the companies to which the ships belonged.

### SHAVING TIME TO MAKE DOLLARS

The six-day "ferry" is an interesting contrast to the steamship that crossed the Atlantic way back in 1819. That first Atlantic ferryboat was an American craft—the *Savannah*, from New York to Liverpool. Eighteen days out, her engines consumed the last of her pitch-pine fuel, and she had to finish the voyage under sail, entering the Mersey on the thirty-second day.

To-day there are a hundred "ferryboats" representing fourteen or fifteen lines, and burning, not pitch pine, but a ton of coal every five minutes, or 300 tons a day. These steamers plying between New York and European ports bring to this country every summer some 100,000 cabin passengers, of whom fully 80,000 are home-coming Americans.

As for the speed of Atlantic liners, I have heard of so-called races, not between ships, but against time. I recall one such race in 1890, when the McKinley tariff law was on the verge of becoming operative. The law was to come into effect October 4 at midnight. Cargoes of vessels entered at the Custom House before twelve o'clock would not be affected by the new law, but cargoes entered one minute past twelve would be subject to a much higher duty. The steamer I have in mind reached Sandy Hook, heavily laden with a valuable cargo, at 9.35 on the night of October 4. She had come all the way at her maximum speed, so far as weather would permit. The news of her arrival now spread through the city, and there was great excitement. Merchants and brokers, those most deeply interested in her cargo, went down to the Custom House to see which would win—the ship or the clock. At the hour of eleven, the news came that the ship had reached her dock. But would the captain, after all, reach the Custom House in time to declare his cargo under the old law? The hands of the Custom House clock pointed to five minutes of twelve. Still no captain. Four minutes; three; two; just then there was a clatter of hoofs coming down Wall Street, and next minute the captain arrived. Just a few seconds before the clock began tolling the hour he handed in his papers. He had won the tariff race.

### ONE THOUSAND TIMES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

A reporter not long ago came to me saying that he was after a story which he could head "One Thousand Times Across the Atlantic," meaning the story of a captain who had sailed back and forth that number of times. Alas! I knew not whither to direct him, for no captain of my acquaintance had sailed over this particular deep blue sea one thousand times. The man who has made the trip half that number of times must have many gray hairs if indeed he be not upon the verge of retirement. For supposing that a captain crossed twice a month the year round, he could only make twenty-four crossings in a year, and after forty continuous years would have only nine hundred and sixty trips to his credit. I believe it would be a difficult matter to get together a coroner's jury composed of captains who had crossed as captains even five hundred times. I told the reporter so, and he went away with reproach on his countenance, as if to say sea captains had not been attending strictly to business during the last half-century.

### ANCIENT MARINER OUT OF BUSINESS

Now, I cannot lay claim to even "Half a Thousand Times Across the Atlantic," yet COLLIER'S WEEKLY asks me for a story or two of sea life, by which is meant, I presume, a sailor's yarn or two. I use the word sailor advisedly, by the way; for, notwithstanding the popular idea that steamships have crushed out the poetry of sailor life, it is still a fact that every officer and man aboard ship, from the master mariner sipping *café noir* on the bridge down to the stoker, who after every few shovelfuls of coal ducks his head in a bucket of water, is an able-bodied seaman—the officers very much so, those down below more or less so.

For myself, I believe steamships are safer than the old sailing vessels. We have more control over steamers. We can turn them as we like, while in a sailer we are at the mercy of the winds; hence there is less danger in travel by steamer. Gone, perhaps, are the days dear to mariners, of sailing vessels that were all silence and cleanliness as compared to the thump of engine and soot of funnel of the steamers of to-day; and gone may be the days when the mariner "shifted his quid," and said "shivver my timbers," and "hitched" up his tarry trousers. But now when you start out to go somewhere on a ship you know you are going to get there, and no mere calm can stop you.

For many years I knew the life of sailing ships only. My last sailing vessel, the *Charlotte*, of which I was first officer, was wrecked on the Bermudas. This was the climax for a sort of record trip—for slowness—across the Atlantic; for the *Charlotte* kept us at sea one hundred and fifteen days from Leghorn to her grave. After this I decided to have nothing more to do with canvas ships.

In the *St. Paul* we carry twelve cadets—one for every thousand tons of the ship's measurement. We get a well-behaved class of boys, and turn them into good officers, first making quartermasters of them. One-half the entire ship's company must be American citizens, and the proportion increases year by year. We engage our stewards in England; sailors, engineers, firemen and stokers in New York. The heads of different departments, doctors and pursers are all American citizens. I believe, however, that American boys, like English boys, are finding something better to do on shore and do not take to the sea as eagerly as in former years.

### CAN STILL SPIN A YARN

As for a yarn, perhaps I may be permitted to refer to a binocular glass in my possession, a present from the British Government in recognition of a slight service I was able to render to an English steamship which had been in collision with a German boat.

She was one of the Dominion Line ships. I never saw such a ludicrous sight as she presented. Her bows had been completely cut off, and they had tried to cover up the opening with canvas and boards, and so get her home. It was a plucky thing to do, but they found she was unmanageable and rapidly filling with water. Up to the last, however, they seemed loth to abandon her; but they were finally obliged to do so. There were eighteen or nineteen men on board, and we succeeded in saving them all, although the sea was running so high that they had to jump into the sea, one by one, to be drawn into the boat by lifelines. Our men were out four hours rescuing them. The officer in charge of the boat had a gold watch presented to him for the part he took in the rescue, and the crew received presents of money.

### A CAPTAIN MUST NOW BE OMNISCIENT

Deeper, broader and higher than ever before must be the professional attainments of the modern mariner, and greater than ever, on account of the demands of modern sea life, the responsibilities of the master.

It is necessary nowadays that a sea captain be not only versed in the science of navigation, but that he understand each integral part of his ship, considered mechanically. He must know everything about her, even to the laying of her keel at the beginning. He must understand exactly how she was constructed. He must know all about her machinery, her engines—that the engines of the *St. Paul*, for instance, have the power of 20,000 horses.

Does the reader realize what 20,000 horse-power is? A distinguished Englishman recently compared a vessel pro-

pelled by such engines with an ancient galley propelled by oars. "Take her length as being some 600 feet, and assume that place be found for as many as 400 oars on each side, each oar worked by three men, or 2,400 men in all; and allow that six men under these conditions could develop work equal to one horse-power; we should have 400 horse-power as the result of the work of 2,400 men. Double the number of men, and we would have 800 horse-power, with 4,800 men at work, and at least the same number in reserve if the journey is to be carried on continuously." Contrast the puny result thus obtained with the power of the engines of the *St. Paul*, which are capable of developing, on the above mode of calculating, a power equal to that of 117,000 men, and that is without allowing for constant relays.

On some of the foreign lines, the captains are naval officers, and, in case of war, would retain their commands. On the German steamers, I believe, the officers must first serve a year or so in the Naval Reserve. On the French line each member of the crew must have served for a time on a vessel of war. On the majority of ships, however, the officers are men of the sea who have fought their way up, step by step, entirely by merit and not at all by favor. On the American Line, even after a man has reached the rank of captain, he must pass a rigid examination every five years.

### THINKING EVER OF MOLLY AND THE BABIES

On the *St. Paul* the captain and navigating officers have their quarters on the awning deck adjacent to the bridge. This deck is as high as a church-tower above the keel, and is reserved exclusively for the officers mentioned, so that they may be secluded from every distraction in working the ship, and may have a full view of her from stem to stern in all circumstances. The bridge, which is equipped with a telegraph system, communicating with every other department of the ship—with the engine-room, with the after wheel-house, with the bows, and with every point to which it may be necessary to send an order.

It is on this bridge, seventy feet above the keel-plates, that the captain spends his most anxious hours—in foggy weather and foul, in sunshine, too, and by starry night as well as when gales are bawling, spray flying, icy seas pounding, when the night is so dark that the lookout cannot see a ship-length ahead, when derelicts or towering icebergs may lie in the path just ahead—in middle watch or dog watch, any watch is the captain's—all for the honor of the company he serves and for love of "Molly and the Babies" at home.

Nowadays, too, the captain is the host of the ship. He is no longer the gruff, rough sea-dog in a pea-jacket of years gone by. He must observe some of the social amenities. He must talk to the passengers now and then, when the weather is fine. He must take his seat at table when he may. He must be a kind of diplomat, also, and possess wit and tact and a patience sublime. He must see that no jealousies develop among the passengers.

I have been told of the very obliging captain who, to please the lady who asked to be shown the Equator while the ship was in southern seas, pasted a hair across the large end of a spyglass and told the lady to look. And the lady, through the glass, declared she could see the Equator "as plainly as A. B. C."

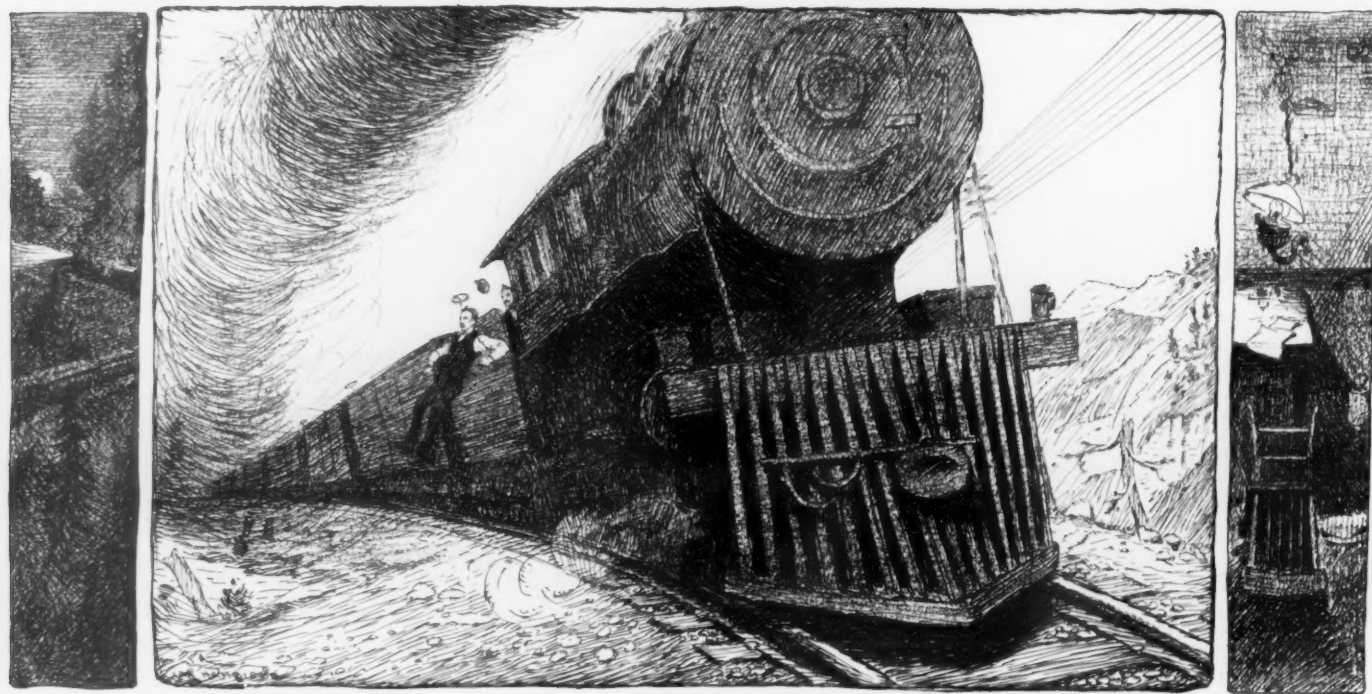
One other polite captain I have heard of—one who directed an officer on the bridge to "do as the lady wishes," when the lady requested that the captain steer the ship over to the horizon so she could see what the horizon was like.

### CAPTAINCY NOT ALL PIE AND ICE CREAM

At sea with the *St. Paul*, the captain has upon his shoulders not only the responsibility of human life to the extent of 1,750 souls—350 in the first cabin, 200 in the second cabin, and 800 in the steerage—but he has the fate in his hands, besides, of the several millions of dollars' worth of property represented by the ship and its cargo.

With life and property on a wholesale scale, as it were, thus intrusted to his keeping, what does a voyage across the Atlantic mean for the ship's captain? A mental and physical strain from the moment the steamer leaves her dock on one side till she reaches her pier on the ocean's opposite side—a strain of which the passenger has no adequate conception.

# THE OPERATOR'S STORY



by **FRANK H. SPEARMAN** 

THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF SHORT STORIES WRITTEN BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN FOR "COLLIER'S WEEKLY," PRESENTING THE PERILS AND HUMOR OF THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN. ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.



VERY ABLE MEN have given their lives to the study of Monsoon's headlight; yet science, after no end of investigation, stands in its presence baffled.

The source of its illumination is believed to be understood. I say believed, because in a day when yesterday's beliefs are to-morrow's delusions I commit myself personally to no theory. Whether it is a living thing or dead; whether malign to mackerel or potent in its influence on imperfectly understood atmospheric phenomena, I do not know. I doubt whether anybody knows, except maybe Monsoon himself. I know only that on the West End, Monsoon's headlight, from every point of view, stands high, and that on one occasion it stood between Abe Monsoon and a frightful catastrophe.

There have been of late studied efforts to introduce electric headlights on the Mountain division. But there are grizzled men in the cab who look with distrust—silent, it is true, yet distrust—on the claims put forth for them. While Monsoon's headlight does its work—as it has done even long before Monsoon followed it to the West End, and will do long after he leaves the West End—why, they say, and reasonably enough, take on new and theoretical substitutes?

While the discussion deepens and even rages in the Wicki-up, Monsoon himself is silent. Brave men are modest men. Among ourselves we don't use adjectives; where Monsoon is known it is not necessary to put anything ahead of his name—except, maybe, once a month on the payroll, when the cross-eyed accountant adds A, or Abe or Abraham, just as he happens to be fixed for time. His name in itself stands for a great deal. When his brother engineers, men who have grown seamy and weatherbeaten in the service, put up their voices for Monsoon's headlight; or when talkative storekeepers, who servilely jump at headquarters' experiments in order to court the favor of the high, speak for electricity, Abe Monsoon himself is silent. His light is there; let them take it or leave it as they will. If the Superintendent of Motive Power should attempt to throw it out for the new-fangled arrangement, Monsoon would doubtless feel that it was not the first time Omaha had gone wrong—and, for that matter, that neither he nor anybody else had assurance it would be the last. However—

The story opens on Bob Duffy. Bob, right from the start, was what I call a good-looker, and, being the oldest boy, he had more of the swing anyway. When Martin came along his mother hadn't got over thinking about Bob. Doubtless she thought, too, of Martin; but he was kind of overshadowed. Bob began by clerking in the post-office and delivering mail to all the pretty girls. His sympathy for the girls was so great that after a while he began passing out letters to them whether they were addressed to the girls or to somebody else. This gradually weakened his influence with government.

Martin began work in the telegraph office; he really learned the whole thing right there at the Bend under Callahan. Begun, carrying Western Unions stuck at his waist under a heavy leather belt. He wore in those days, when he had real responsibility, a formidable brown Stetson which appeared bent on swallowing his ears; it was about the time he was rising trousers and eleven. Nobody but Sinkers ever beat Martin Duffy delivering messages and nobody, bar none—Bullhead, McTerza, anybody—ever beat him eating pie. It was by eating pie that he was able to wear the belt so long—and you may take that either way. But I speak gladly of the pie because in the usual course of events there isn't much pie in a dispatcher's life. There is, by very large odds, more

anxiety than pie, and I introduce the pie, not to give weight to the incidents which follow, but rather to lighten them; though, as Duffy has more recently admitted, this was not always the effect of the pie itself.

I do not believe that Martin Duffy ever had an enemy. A right tight little chap he was, with always a good word, even under no end of pressure on the single track. There's many a struggling trainman who will look quick and grateful when any fellow far or near speaks a word about Martin Duffy. Fast as he climbed, his head never swelled. His hats rested, even after he got a key, same as the original Stetson, right on the wings of his ears. But his heart grew right along after his head stopped, and that's where he laid over some other railroad men I could mention if I had to, which I don't—not here.

About the time it looked as if Martin would make a go of it on the road the post-office inspectors were thinking Bob would make a go of it—over the road. But he was such a kid of a fellow, and such a nice one, that the postmaster convinced the detectives Bob's way of doing things was mere foolishness, which it probably was, and they merely swore him out of the service.

It was then that Martin reached out a hand to his elder brother. There were really just the two brothers; and back of them—as there is, somewhere, back of every railroad man—a mother. No father—not generally; just a mother. A quiet, sombre little woman in a shawl and a bonnet of no special shape or size—just a shawl and a bonnet, that's all. Anyhow, the Duffy boys' mother was that way, and there's a lot more like her. I don't know what gets the fathers; maybe, very often, the scrap. But there's almost always—somewhere—a mother. So after Martin began to make a record, to help his mother and brother both, he spoke for Bob. Callahan didn't hesitate, or fudge him, as he used to do with a good many. He thought the company couldn't have too many of the Duffy kind; so he said, "Yes, sure." And Bob Duffy was put at work—same thing exactly: carrying messages, reading hair-destroyers and blowing his salary on pie.

But pie acts funny. Sometimes it makes a man's head solid and his heart big; then again it makes a man's head big and his heart solid. I'm not saying anything more now—except that pie certainly acts different.

Bob Duffy was taller than Martin and, I would repeat, handsomer; but I can't, because Martin had absolutely no basis of beauty to start with. He was parchment-like and palish from sitting night after night and night after night over a sounder. Never sick a day in his life; but always over the sounder until, sleeping or waking, resting or working, the current purred and purred through his great little head like a very familiarity-taking old tomat. He could guess more off a wire than most men could catch after the whole thing had tumbled in.

So up and up ladder he went. Messenger, operator—up to assistant dispatcher, up to a regular trick dispatcher. Up to the orders and signing the J. M. C., the letters that stood for our superintendent's name and honor. Up to the trains and their movements, up to the lives, then CHIEF!—with the honor of the division all clutched in Martin Duffy's three quick right fingers on the key and his three quick left fingers on the pen at the same instant scratching orders across the clip. Talk about ambidextrous—Martin didn't know what it would be like to use one hand at a time. If Martin Duffy said right, trains went right. If he said wrong, trains went wrong. But Martin never said the wrong; he said only the right. Giddings knows; he copied for him long enough. Yes, Giddings and plenty more of them can tell you about Martin Duffy.

Bob didn't rise in the service quite so fast as Martin. He was rather for having a good time. He did more of the social act, and that pleased his mother, who, on account of her bonnet-and-shawl complexion, didn't achieve much that way. Martin, too, was proud of his brother, and as soon as Bob could handle a wire, which was very soon (for he learned

things in no time), Martin got Callahan to put him up at Grant as operator. Bob got the place because he was Martin's brother, nothing else. He held it about two months, then he resigned and went to San Frisco. He was a restless fellow; it was Bob up and Bob down. For a year he wandered around out there, telegraphing, then he bobbed up again in Medicine Bend out of a job. He wanted to go to work, and—well, Callahan—Martin's brother, you know—sent him up to Montair as night operator. Three months he worked steady as a clock. Then one night the dispatchers at the Bend couldn't get Montair for two hours. It laid out Number Six and a Special with the General Manager and made no end of a row.

Martin said right off he ought to go. But there was the little mother up home—silent, I expect, but pleading-like. It was left largely to Martin, for the young fellow was already chief; and that was the trouble—he hated to bear down too hard; so he compromised by asking his superintendent not to fire Bob but to set him back. They sent him up as night man to Rat River—the meanest place on the whole system. That was the summer of the Templars' Conclave at San Frisco.

We worked the whole spring getting things up along the line, from Omaha to the Sierras, for that Conclave. Engines were overhauled, rolling stock touched up, roadbed put in shape, everything shaken from end to end. Not only were the passenger records to be smashed, but beyond that a lot of our big general officers were way-up Masous and meant that our line should get not merely the cream of the business but the cream of the advertising out of the thing. The general tenor of the instructions was to nickel-plate everything, from the catalpas to the target rods. For three months before the Conclave date we were busy getting ready for it, and when the big day drew near on which we were to undertake the moving and the feeding of six thousand people one way on one track through the mountains, even the cartkins smoked cross-cut and the Russian sectionmen began to oil their hair.

Callahan was superintendent under Bucka, then General Manager, and Martin Duffy Chief Dispatcher, Neighbor Superintendent of Motive Power, and Doubleday Division Master Mechanic, and with everything buttoned up on the West End we went that Sunday morning on the firing line to take the first of the Templar Specials.

Medicine Bend had the alkali pretty well washed out of its eyes and never before in its history had it seemed really gay. The old Wickup was decorated till it looked like a buck rigged for a ghost dance. Right after daybreak the trains began rolling in on Harold Davis's trick nine minutes apart. Duffy had annulled all local freights and all through odds and evens, all stock tramps east and all westbound empties—everything that could be had been suspended for that Sunday; and with it all there were still by five times more trains than ever rolled through Medicine Bend before in twenty-four hours.

It was like a festival day in the mountains. Even the Indians and the squaw men had turned out to see the fun. There was a crowd at the depot by five o'clock, when the first train rolled up the lower gorge with St. John's Commandery Number Three from Buffalo; and the Pullmans were gay with bunting. The Medicine Bend crowd gave them an Indian yell and in two minutes the Knights, with their scalps in their hands as a token of surrender, were tumbling out of their sleepers into the crisp dawn. They were just like schoolboys, and when Shorty Lovelace—the local curiosity who had both feet and both hands frozen off the night he got drunk with Matt Cassidy at Goose River Junction—struck up on his mouth-organ "Put Me Off at Buffalo," they dropped seven dollars, odd, and three baggage checks into his hat while the crews were changing engines. It appeared to affect them uncommon, seeing a fellow without any hands or feet playing the mouth-organ, and before sundown Shorty made the killing of his life. With what he raked in that day he kept the city marshal guessing for three



—which was also pretty good for a man without any food or feet.

It day it was that way: train after train and ovation after ovation. The day was cool as a watermelon—August—and bright as a baby's face all through the mountains; and the Templars went up into the high passes with all the swing and noise we could raise. Harold Davis took it all morning steady from 4 A.M. at the dispatcher's key. He was used up long before noon; but he stayed, and just before 12 o'clock, while a big Templar train from Baltimore was loading its commandery in front of the Wickiup after an early dinner, and a big Templar band played a tingling two-step, Martin Duffy stuck his dry, parchment face into the platform crowd, elbowed his way unnoticed through it, climbed the Wickiup stairs, walked into the dispatcher's room, and, throwing off his hat and coat, leaned over Harold Davis's shoulder and took a transfer.

Young Giddings had been sitting there in a perspiration half an hour then; he copied for Martin Duffy that day. At noon they figured to get the last Templar over the Eagle Pass with the set of the sun. When Duffy took the key he never looked his face cleaner, only he was tired; Giddings could see that. The regular man had been sick a week and Martin had been filling in. Besides that, all Saturday, the day before, he had been spiking the line—figuring what could be annulled and what couldn't; what could be run extra and what could be put into regulars. Callahan had just got married and was going out to the Coast on his wedding tour in Bucks' car. He had refused to look at an order after Saturday night, Sunday morning, and from Sunday morning on, it was all against Duffy. When the Chief took the middle trick there were fourteen Templar Specials still to come—the last one was just pulling out of McCloud on the plains. They were ordered to run with right of track over all eastbound trains thirty minutes apart all the way through.

A minute after Martin Duffy sat in, the conductor of the train below registered out. There was a yell pretty soon, and away went the Baltimore crowd—and they were cokers, too, those Baltimore fellows, and travelled like lords.

At 5 o'clock in the evening the trains in the West Division were moving just like clocks on the hour and the half—thirty minutes, and thirty minutes, and thirty minutes—and, as far as young Giddings could see, Duffy, after five booming hours, was fresher than when he took the chair. The little dispatcher's capacity for work was something enormous; it wasn't till after supper-time, with the worst of the figuring behind him, and in the letting down of the anxiety, that Martin began to look older and his dry Indian hair began to crawl over his forehead. By that time his eyes had lost their snap, and when he motioned Giddings to the key, and got up to walk up and down the hall in the breeze, he looked like a wilted potato vine. His last batch of orders was only a little one compared with those that had gone before. But with the changes to the different crews they read about like this:

Telegraphic Train Order Number 68. Mountain Division. Superintendent's Office, August 8, 1892. For Medicine Bend to C. and E. of Engines 664, 738, 810, 826, and 826.

Engines 664, 738, 810, and 826 will run as four Specials, Medicine Bend to Bear Dance. Engine 826 will double-head Special 326 to summit of Eagle Pass.

First: No. 80, Engine 179, will run two hours thirty minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

Second: No. 80, Engine 264, will run three hours and fifteen minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

Third: No. 80, Engine 210, will run four hours and thirty minutes late Bear Dance to Medicine Bend.

J. M. C.  
D.

When young Giddings sat in, the sun was dropping between the Tetons. In the yard the car-cleaners were polishing the plates on Bucks' private car and the darky cook was pulling chickens out of the refrigerator. Duffy had thirteen Conclaves moving smoothly on the middle trick. The final one was now due, and the hostlers were steaming down with the double-header to pull it over the Pass. This, the last of the Commandery trains, was to bring DeMolay Commandery Number Four of Pittsburg, and the orders were to couple Bucks' car on to it for the run west. DeMolay—and everybody had notice—was Bucks' old commandery back in Pennsylvania, and he was going to the end of the division that night with the cronies of his youth. Little fellows they were in rail-roading when he rode the goat with them, but now mostly, like him, big fellows. Half a dozen old salts had been pounding ahead at him all day over the wire. They were to join him and Mr. and Mrs. Callahan for supper in the private car, and the cider lay on the thin-shaven ice and the mountain grouse were curling on the grill irons when DeMolay Number Four, Pittsburg, pulled into Medicine Bend.

We had seen a good many swell trains that day—the swiftest that ever pounded our fishplates—Pullmans solid, and the finest kind of people. Boston, Washington, New York, Philadelphia sent some pretty gorgeous trains. But with at least half the town on the platform when DeMolay Number Four rolled in, it took their breath so they couldn't yell, till the Sir Knights began pouring from the vestibules and gave Medicine Bend their own lordly cheer.

Mahogany vestibules they were and extension platforms; salon lamps and nicked handrails; buffet-smoker and private diner; a royal train and a royal company; olive green from tender to tail lights—DeMolay Four, Pittsburg.

Bucks' old gang spied him. Modestly back under the portico, he stood near the ticket window, and they broke through at him solid. They pulled him and hauled him and mauled him and passed him from hand to hand. They stood him on his head—and on his hands—and finally on his feet again, and told him something they wanted and wanted right off.

Bucks looked the least bit uncertain as he considered the opening request. It wasn't much in some ways, what they asked; but in other ways it was a good deal. He laughed and bantered and joked them as long as they would stand it; then he called up at the dispatchers' windows to Martin Duffy, who was leaning out. "We'll see how he talks," laughed Bucks in his great big way. "But, boys, it's up to the Chief. I'm not in it on the orders, you know. Martin," he called, as Duffy bent his head, "they want fifteen minutes here to stretch their legs. Say they've been roasted in the alkali all day. Can you do anything for the boys?"

The boys! Big fellows in fezes, shriner style, and slim fellows in duck, sailor style, and bow-legged fellows in chevvy, any old style. Chaps in white flannel, and chaps in gray, and chaps in blue. Turkish whiskers and Key West cigars and crusaders' togs—and, between them, Bucks, his head most of the time in chancery. It was the first time they had seen him since he had made our Jim Crow line into a

system known from the Boston and Maine to the Mexican Central, and, bar none, run cleaner or better. The first time they had seen him since he had made a name for himself and for his road from Newport News to Frisco, and they meant now to kill him dead.

You know about what it meant and about how it went—how it had to go. What could Martin say—to the man who had made him all he was and who stood, now a boy again among the boys of his boyhood, and asked for fifteen minutes—a quarter of an hour for DeMolay Number Four? It threw the little Chief completely off his schedule; just fifteen minutes was more than enough to do that. All the work was done, the anxiety nearly past—Martin had risen to rest his thumping head. But fifteen minutes; once in a lifetime—Bucks asking it.

Duffy turned to big Jack Moore standing at his side ready to pull DeMolay over the Pass, and spoke him low. Jack merely nodded; everything went with Jack, even the turntables that stuck with other engineers. Martin in his shirt-sleeves leaned out the window and, looking down on the turbaned and turbulent mob, spoke so just Bucks could hear.

"What is it?" demanded the most puissant commander of DeMolay excitedly. "What does he say, Bucks?"

"What says the slave?" growled a second formidable crusader; "out with it!"

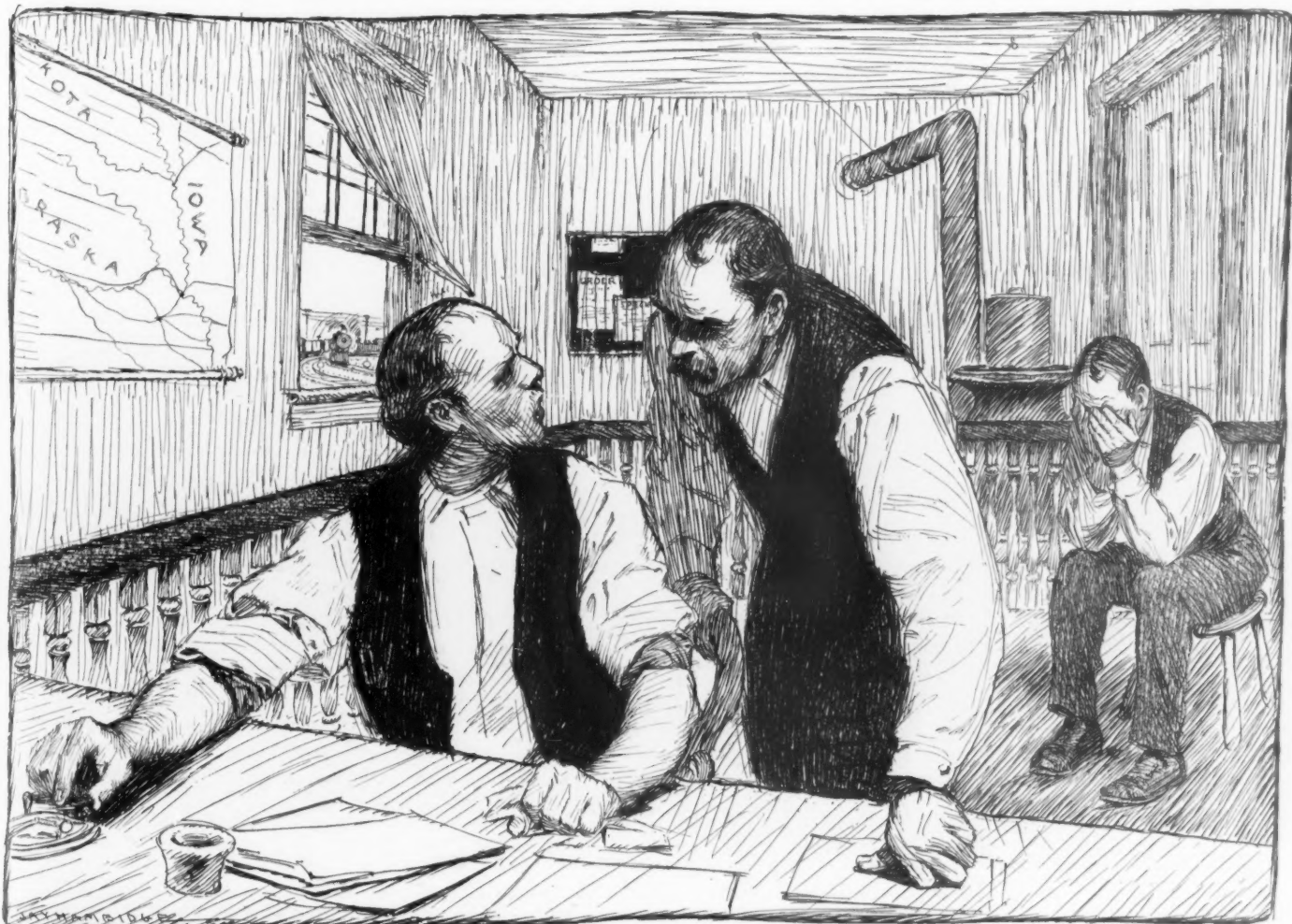
"All we want is fifteen minutes." "Why, you wouldn't turn us down on fifteen minutes this far from an oasis, would you, Bucks?" protested a glass-eyed shriner.

Bucks looked around slowly and royally. "Fifteen minutes?" he drawled. "Fifteen minutes! What's a quarter of an hour in a lifetime, Jackman, on the last oasis? Take off your clothes, you fellows, and take half an hour. Now will you be good?"

DeMolay put up a Templar yell. They always get the good things of life, those Pittsburg men; things other fellows couldn't begin to get. They passed the word through the sleepers, and the women began pouring from the vestibules. Then in two quick minutes out came the Duquesne band in red pompons, duck trousers and military jackets, white corded with black. The crowd broke, the band marched down the platform and, striking up the "Washington Post," opened ranks on the grass plot above the Wickiup to receive the DeMolay guard. One hundred Knights Templar in fatigue debouched into a bit of a park, and in the purple of the sunset gave a commandery drill—to the honor of Bucks—Bucks and the West End.

It was Sunday night, and still as August could make it. The battalion moving as silent and mobile as a streamer over the grass, marched, deployed and rested. Then they broke, to the clear-cut music, into crosses and squares and crescents and stars until small boys went cross-eyed, and at last, wheeling suddenly on the line, they saluted Bucks—himself a past grand commander—and the railroad men yelled.

Meantime the General Manager's private car had been pasted on the tail-end of DeMolay Four, and a pusher edging up, already stuck its nose into the rear vestibule. On the head end Jack Moore and Oyster were backing down on the olive-green string with the two smoothest moguls on the division. Bucks and Neighbor had held back everything good all day for DeMolay Four, down to engines and runners and conductor. Pat Francis carried the punch, and the little Chief sat again in the dispatcher's chair, all for DeMolay Four.



"BARNES, THEY WILL MEET IN CINNAMON CUT"

# THE OPERATOR'S STORY

And while the lovely women strolled in the cool of the evening and the odor of sweetness, and the guard drilled, and the band played, the Chief knitted his brows over his train sheet. It looked now, rearranged, re-ordered, readjusted and reorganized, as if a Gila Monster had crawled over it without wiping his feet. And when DeMolay Four got ready to pull out, with Moore and Oyster on the throbbles and old John Parker in the baggage, where he had absolutely nothing to do but drink cigars and smoke champagne, and Pat Francis in the aisles, and Bucks, with Mr. and Mrs. Callahan and their crowd, in private Number Twelve—there was that much shouting and tooting and waving that Martin Duffy simply couldn't think for a few seconds; yet he held them all, for life or for death—every last one—in the curve of his fingers.

So they stood ready in the gorge while Duffy studied wearily how to handle First, Second, and Third Eighty against them.

First, Second, and Third Eighty! If they could only have been wiped off the face of the rails as easy as they might have been wiped off a train sheet! But there they were—three sections, and big ones, of the California fast freight, High-class stuff for Chicago and New York that couldn't be held or laid out that Sunday, not for a dozen Conclaves. All day First, Second, and Third Eighty had been feeling their way east through the mountains, trying to dodge the swell commanderies rolling by impudent as pay cars. But all the final plans to keep them out of everybody's way—out of the way of fox and turban and chapeau and Greek cross and crimson-splashed sleepers—were now dashed by thirty minutes at Medicine for DeMolay Four.

Order after order went from under his hand. New meeting-points for First, Second, and Third Eighty and DeMolay Four, otherwise Special 326.

Pat Francis snatched the tissues from Duffy's hand and, after the battalion had dispersed among their wives and sisters, and among the sisters of the other fellow; after the pomponed chaps had chucked the trombones and cymbals and drums at old John Parker's shins; after the last air-cock had been tested and the last laggard crusader thrown forcibly aboard by the provost guard, the double-header tooted, "Out!" and, with the flutter of an ocean liner, DeMolay Four pulled up the gorge.

The orders buttoned in the reefers gave DeMolay a free sweep to Elcho, and Jack Moore and Oyster were the men to take it, good and hard. Moreover, there was glory aboard. Pennsylvania nobles, way-up railroad men, looking to see what for motive power we had in the Woolly West; how we climbed mountains and skirted cañon walls, and crawled down two and three per cent grades. Then with Bucks himself in the private car—what wonder they let her out and swung DeMolay through the gorge as maybe you've seen a particularly buoyant kite snake its tail out of the grass and drag it careening skyward. When they slowed for Elcho at nightfall, past First and Second Eighty, and Bucks named the mileage, the Pennsylv refused to believe it for the hour's run. But fast as they had sped along the iron trail, Martin Duffy's work had sped ahead of them, and this order was waiting:

Telegraphic Train Order Number 79.

C. and E. Third No. 89, Rat River,

C. and E. Special 326, Elcho.

Third: No. 89, Engine 210 and Special 326 will meet at Rock Point.

J. M. C.  
D.

With this meeting-point made, it would be pretty much over in the dispatchers' office. Martin Duffy pushed his sawn hair back for the last time, and leaving young Giddings to get the last O.K.'s, and the last Complete on his trick, got out of the chair.

It had been a tremendous day for Giddings—a tremendous day. Thirty-two Specials on the dispatchers, and Giddings copying for the Chief. He sat down after Duffy, filled with a riotous importance because it was now, in effect, all up to Giddings, personally; at least until Barnes Tracy should presently kick him out of the seat of honor for the night trick. Mr. Giddings sat down and waited for the signature of the orders.

Very soon Pat Francis dropped off DeMolay Four, slowing at Elcho, ran straight to the operator for his order, signed it and at once Order 79 was throbbing back to young Giddings at Medicine Bend. It was precisely 7.54 p.m. when Giddings gave back the Complete and at 7.55 Elcho reported Special 326, "out," all just like clockwork. What a head Martin Duffy has, thought young Giddings—and behold! all the complicated everlasting headwork of the trick and the day, and of the West End and its honor, was now up to the signature of Third Eighty at Rat River. Just Third Eighty's signature for the Rock Point meeting, and the biggest job ever tackled by a single-track road in America (Giddings thought) was done and well done.

So the ambitious Giddings by means of a pocket mirror inspected a threatening pimple on the end of his chubby nose, palming the glass skilfully so Barnes Tracy couldn't see it even if he did interrupt his eruption, and waited for Bob Duffy, the Rat River nightman, to come back at him with Third Eighty's signature. Under Giddings' eye, as he sat, ticked Martin Duffy's chronometer—the watch that split the seconds and chimed the quarters and stopped and started so impossibly and ran to a second a month—the watch that Bucks (who never did things by halves) had given little Martin Duffy with the order that made him Chief. It lay at Giddings' fingers, and the minute hand wiped from the enamelled dial seven o'clock fifty-five, fifty-six—seven—eight—nine. Young Giddings turned to his order book and inspected his entries like a methodical bookkeeper—and Martin Duffy's chronometer chimed the fourth quarter—eight o'clock. One entry he had still to make. With his book in his hand he called Rat River.

"Got Third Eighty's signature to Order 79 and hurry them out," he tapped impatiently at Bob Duffy.

There was a wait. Giddings lighted his pipe the way Callahan always lighted his pipe—putting out his lips to catch all the perfume and blowing the first cloud away wearily, as Callahan always did wearily. Then he twirled

the match meditatively, and listened, and got suddenly this from Bob Duffy at Rat River:

"I forgot Order 79," came Bob Duffy's message. "I let Third Eighty go without it. They left here at seven—fifty—fifty something—Giddings never heard fifty what. The match went into the ink, the pipe into the water-pail, and Giddings, before Bob Duffy finished, was calling Elcho like a drowning man with the life and death, the Nineteen call. 'Hold Special 326!' he cried over the wire the instant Elcho replied.

But Elcho, steadily, answered this: "Special—Three—twenty—six—left—here—seven—fifty—five." Giddings, with both hands on the table, raised up like a drunken man. The West End was against it. Third Eighty in the open and going against the DeMolay Four. Bucks, Callahan, wife—everybody—and Rock Point a blind siding which no word from anybody on earth could reach ahead of Third Eighty.

Giddings sprang to the open window and began shouting to anybody and everybody to call Martin Duffy. But Martin Duffy spoke instantly behind him.

"What do you want?" he asked quietly; it came terribly quick on Giddings as he turned.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Martin, looking into the boy's face. "Speak, can't you? What's the matter, Giddings?"

"Bob forgot Order 79 and let Third Eighty go without it—and Special 326 is out of Elcho," choked Giddings.

"Wait!"

"Bob at—Rat River—gave Third Eighty a clearance with-out the Order 79."

Martin Duffy sprang straight up in the air. Men on the firing line hit in the heart do that; Martin Duffy was hit in the heart. Once he shut his lifted hands; once he looked at Giddings, staggering again through the frightful news, then he dropped into the chair, looked wildly around, seized his key like a hunted man, stared at his train sheet, grabbed the order book, and listened to Giddings cutting off one hope after another of stopping Special 326. Presently his fingers set mechanically and he made the Rat River call; but Rat River was silent. With Barnes Tracy tiptoeing in behind on the instinct of trouble, and young Giddings shaking like a leaf, the Chief called Rat River. Then he called Elcho and asked for Special 326, and Elcho again repeated steadily:

"Special—326—left—here—on—Order—79—at—seven—fifty—five p.m."

Martin Duffy bent before the message; young Giddings, who had been whispering to Tracy, dropped on a stool, covered his face and burst out sobbing.

"Don't cry, Giddings." It was Duffy who spoke; dry and parched his voice. "It's nothing you—could help." He looked around and saw Tracy at his elbow. "Barnes," he said, but he tried twice before his voice would carry. "Barnes—they will meet in the Cinnamon cut. Giddings told you? Bob forgot, forgot my order. Run, Giddings, for Benedict Morgan and Doubleday and Carhart—quick!"

Giddings ran, the Rat River call echoing again down the hall behind him. Rat River was closest to Rock Point—would get the first news of the wreck, and Martin Duffy was calling his recreant brother at the River; but the River was silent.

Doubleday and the company surgeon, Dr. Carhart, rushed into the room almost together. Then came with a storm the wrecking boss, Benedict Morgan; it was only an evil hour that brought Benedict Morgan into the dispatchers' office. Stooped and silent, Martin Duffy, holding the chair, was calling Rat River. Carhart watched him just a moment, then he took Barnes Tracy aside and whispered—and, going back, bent over Duffy. The Chief pulled himself up.

"Let Tracy take the key," repeated the doctor. "Get away from the table a minute, Martin. It may not be as bad as you think."

Duffy, looking into the surgeon's face, put his hand on his arm. "It's the DeMolay train, the Special 326, with Bucks' car, double-headed. Oh, my God—my God! I can't stop them. Doctor, they will meet!"

Carhart unfastened the fingers clutched at his sleeve. "Come away a minute. Don't take it so hard. Let Tracy have the key," he urged.

"A head-ender, eh?" croaked Benedict Morgan from the counter, and with a frightful oath. "A head-ender! Now that's nice. We will all be in hell now—won't we?"

"Shut up, you brute!" hissed Carhart. Duffy's hands were creeping queerly up the sides of his head.

"Sure," growled Benedict Morgan loweringly, "sure. Shut up. Of course. And hell to pay somewhere all the time—just the same. Shut up."

Carhart was a deadly quick man. He started for the wrecker, but Duffy, springing, stopped him. "For God's sake, keep cool—everybody," he exclaimed piteously. There was no one else to talk—to give the orders. Bucks and Callahan both on the Special—maybe past order-giving now. Only Martin Duffy to take the double load and the double shame. He stared, dazed again, into the faces around as he held to the fiery surgeon. "Morgan," he added, steadily looking at the surly wrecker, "get up your crew, quick. Doubleday, make up all the coaches in the yard for an ambulance train. Get every doctor in town to go with you. Tracy, clear the line."

The Master Mechanic and Benedict Morgan clattered down the stairs. Carhart, running to the telephone, told Central to summon every medical man in the Bend, and hurried out. But before he had covered a block, roundhouse callers, like flaws of wind ahead of a storm, were scurrying the streets, and from the tower of the fire-house sounded the harsh clang of the emergency gong for the wreckers.

Caught where they could be caught—out of saloons, beds, poker joints, Salvation barracks, churches—the men of the wrecking crew ran up and down the silent streets, waking now fast into life. Congregations were dispersed, hymns cut, prayers forgotten, bars deserted, hells emptied, barracks raided at that call—the emergency gong call—fell as a fire-bell—for the Mountain Division wrecking gang.

While the yard crews shot up and down the spurs switching coaches into the relief train, Benedict Morgan was organ-

izing his men with solid volleys of oaths and filling them at the lunch counters with huge schooners of coffee. Dr. Carhart pushed again through the jam of men and up to the dispatchers' office. Before and behind him crowded the local physicians with instrument bags and bandages. The ominous baggage deposited on the office floor, they sat down about the room or hovered around Carhart asking for details. Doubleday, tall and grim, came over from the roundhouse. Benedict Morgan stamped up from the yard—the Mountain Division was ready.

All three dispatchers were in the room. John Mallers, the day man, stood near Tracy, who had relieved Giddings. The line was clear for the relief run. Elcho had been notified of the impending disaster, and at Tracy's elbow sat the Chief looking fixedly at the receiver—taking the bob of the sounder with his eye. A dozen men in the room were talking; but they spoke as men who speaking wait on the life of a fuse.

Elcho could neither hear nor see anything and over and over so reported. After many repetitions, Duffy, with suspense deepening into frenzy, pushed Tracy's hand from the key and, sliding into the chair, began once more to call his brother at Rat River.

"R-T—R-T—R-T—R-T—" clicked the River call. "R-T—R-T—R-T—Bob—Bob—Bob," spelled the sender. "Answer me, answer, answer. R-T—R-T—R-T—R-T—"

And Barnes Tracy edged away and leaned back to where the shadow hid his face. And John Mallers, turning from the pleading of the current, stared gloomily out of the window across the yard shimmering under the double relay of arc lights; and young Giddings, who couldn't stand it—just couldn't stand it—bending low on his stool, shook with gulping sobs.

The others knew nothing of the heartbreaking in the little clicks. It all sounded alike and hard to them—all of the Chief's begging for one word from the brother who had done the fearful wrong. But they all knew the track—knew where the trains would meet; knew they could not by any possibility see each other till they whirled together on the curve of the Cinnamon cut or on the trestle west of it. There was gloom enough in that, and they waited only for the breaking of the suspense that settled heavy over them.

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty minutes went, with Martin Duffy at intervals vainly calling. Then—as a crack opens in a field of ice, as the snow breaks in the mountain slide, as the sea gives up at last its dead, the sounder spoke—Rat River made the dispatcher's call. And Martin Duffy, staring at the copper coil, pushed himself up in his chair like a man who chokes, caught smothering at his neck, and, before a hand could reach him, slipped wriggling to the floor.

Carhart caught him up, but Duffy's eyes, distorted, stared meaningless past him. Rat River was calling him, but Martin Duffy was past the taking. Like the man next at the gun, Barnes Tracy sprang into the chair with the I, I, D. The surgeon, Giddings helping, dragged Duffy to the lounge in Callahan's room—his Chief was more to Giddings than the fate of Special 326. But soon confused voices began to ring from where men were crowding around the dispatchers' table. They echoed in to where the doctors worked over the raving Chief. And young Giddings, helping, began, too, to hear strange things from the other room.

"The moon—"

"The moon?"

"The MOON!"

"What?"

Barnes Tracy was trying to make himself heard: "The moon, damn it! MOON! That's English, ain't it? Moon."

"Who's that talking at Rat River?" demanded Benedict Morgan hoarsely.

"Chick Neale, conductor of Third Eighty; their train is back at Rat River. God bless that man," stammered Barnes Tracy, wiping his forehead feverishly; "he's an old operator. He says Bob Duffy is missing—told Martin, quick, there isn't any wreck—quick!"

"What does Neale say?" cried Doubleday with an explosion.

Tracy had thought he had told them, but he hadn't. "He says his engineer, Abe Monsoon, was scared by the moon rising just as they cleared Kennel Butte," said Tracy unsteadily. "He took it for the headlight of Special 326 and jumped from his engine. The fireman backed the train to Rat River—see?"

While Tracy talked, Mallers at the key was getting it all. "Look here," he exclaimed suddenly, "did you ever hear of such a mix-up in your life? The head brakeman of the freight was in the cab, Neale says. He and the engineer were talking about the last Conclave train, wondering where they were going to meet it, when the brakeman spied the moon coming up around the Kennel Butte curve. 'There's the 326 Special!' he yelled, and lighted out the gangway. Monsoon reversed and jumped off after him so quick he knocked the fireman over in the coal. When the fireman got up—he hadn't heard a word of it all—he couldn't see anything ahead but the moon. So he stops the train and backs up for the two guys. When Neale and he picked them up they ran right back to Rat River for orders. They never got to Rock Point at all—why, they never got two miles east of Rat River."

"And where's Special 326?" cried Doubleday.

"At Rock Point, you loco. She must be there and waiting yet for Third Eighty. The stopping of the freight gave her plenty of time to make the meeting point, don't you see, and there she is—swinging—yet. Neale is an old operator. By Heaven! Give me a man of the key against the world. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

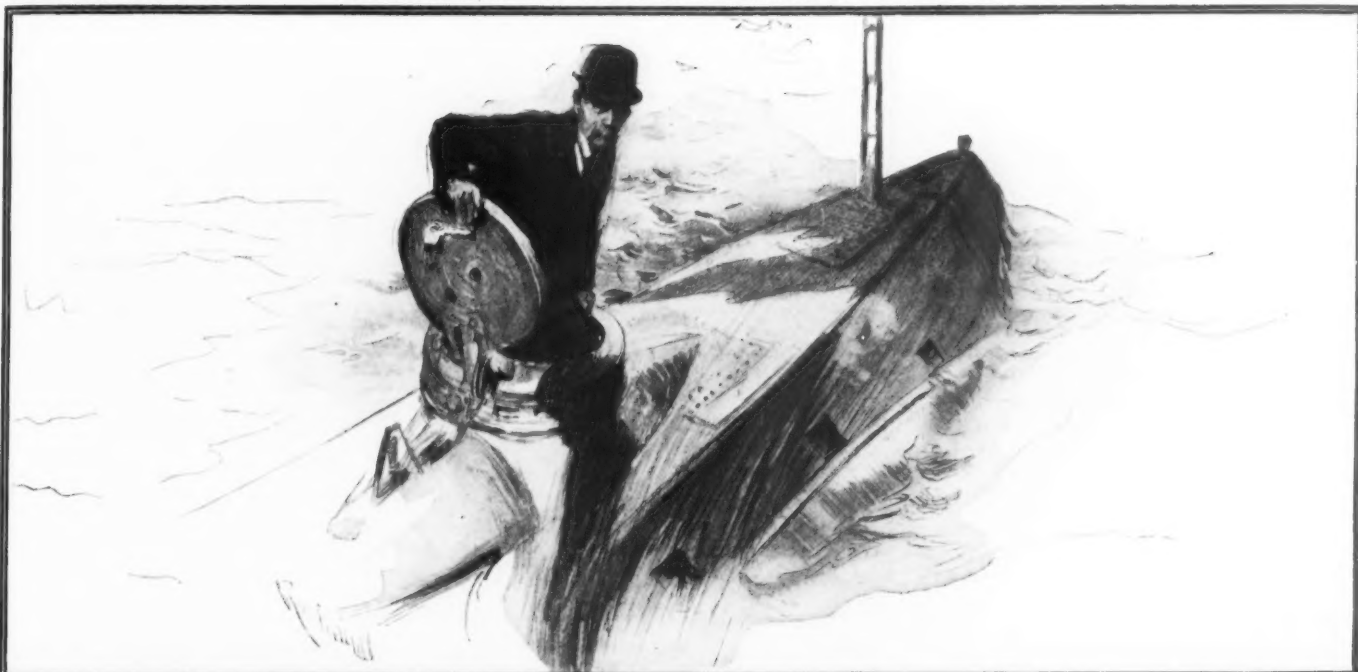
"Then there isn't to be any wreck?" ventured a shy little lady homeopathic physician, who had been crimped into the fray to help do up the mangled Knights and was modestly waiting her opportunity.

"Not to-night," announced Tracy with the dignity of a man temporarily in charge of the entire division.

A yell went out of the room like a tidal wave. Doubleday and Benedict Morgan had not spoken to each other since the night of the roundhouse fire—that was two years. They turned wonderstruck to each other. Doubleday impulsively put out his hand and, before he could pull it in again, the

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)





## MODERN SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOATS

By W. W. KIMBALL, U. S. N., Commanding Atlantic Torpedo Boat Flotilla during War with Spain

With Drawings by Our Special Marine Artist, Henry Reuterdahl



COMMANDER W. W. KIMBALL

IT MAY BE WELL to clear the ground upon which to build a definition of an efficient submarine torpedo boat by cutting out the weedy growth of vague and fanciful ideas sown during the four hundred years of search for the solution of the submarine problem in the soil of the imagination, enriched and made prolific by the supposed danger and mystery surrounding man's invasion of the habitat of fishes.

It is not the mechanically impossible and impossible perfect machine imagined by Jules Verne and constantly brought forward as the criterion by which to judge of the results of the work of the unfortunate designer of submarines. The fortunate artilleryman is never required to reach Vernesque efficiency and toss his projectile to the moon. In fact, he is applauded as successful when he attains a range of 18 or 20 miles, but the submarine designer is never considered as fully successful because he never designs a *Nautilus*. The ideal under-water ship is not the embodiment of the crude ideas of the submarine strugglers of four centuries ago; it is as unlike the submarine boats of a century ago as the battleships of those days are unlike the battleships of the present. It is not a malignant death-trap filled with concealed and mysterious dangers and cunningly devised mechanisms to lure its friends to destruction while making glad the hearts of its foes.

It is a cigar-shaped boat, always light enough to float when at work, and capable of discharging torpedoes when moving upon the surface of the water or beneath it. It is a vessel

provided with mechanical motive power and other mechanical appliances so devised, arranged and combined as to effect the driving of the craft a long distance on the surface and a shorter distance when under water; the steering from side to side and up and down; the maintaining, when under water, of good ventilation; a fixed weight of the boat and a fixed centre of gravity; e.g., when a heavy torpedo is suddenly discharged from a certain place in the boat the weights of the boat must immediately be readjusted, so that she is just as heavy as before the torpedo was fired and so that the common centre of all her weights is just where it was when the torpedo was aboard. It is capable of independent action, capable of weathering every sea, and capable, when on the surface, of renewing the source of power for under-water working as long as the source of power for surface running and the endurance of the crew hold out.

### GASOLINE AND ELECTRICITY DRIVE HER

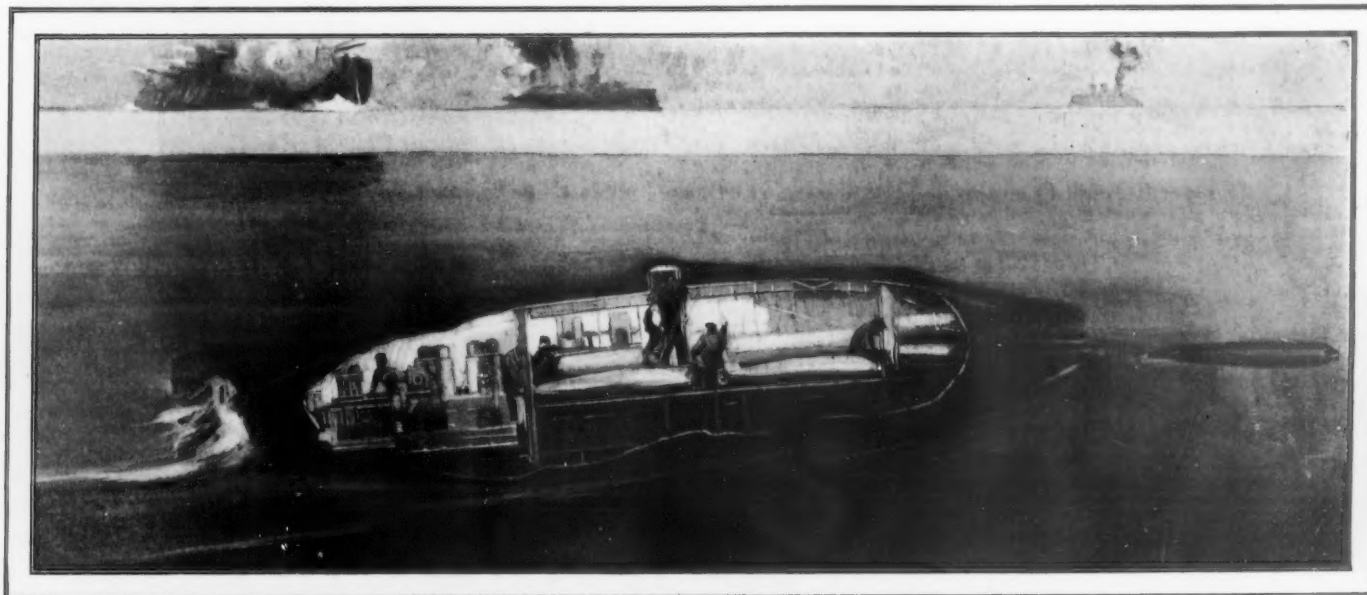
Now, as to the motive power: The gasoline engine turns the propeller when the boat is in light trim just as it does the propeller of any surface boat; and as the conning-tower hatch, through which the boat is entered, can be usually left open and as air can enter by means of an air-pipe high enough to keep the seas from breaking into it when the conning-tower hatch is closed in rough weather, the gas engine can be provided with plenty of air for the necessary combustion. But the case is different when going under water, because then air is too limited in quantity to be used in creating power. Compressed air stored in strong flasks could be taken down in the boat and used in the engine with gasoline; but this method would take more space for the same development of power than does power stored in electric storage cells. Besides, the products of combustion passing from the engine would produce bubbles which would indicate on the surface the position of the boat when it might be better to give no such indication. Therefore, the electric storage battery is used for under-water drive, by taking the current from it to work an electric motor which turns the propeller when the

gasoline engine is disconnected. The electric motor is also a dynamo which can be worked as such by the gasoline engine to charge the electric storage cells. When the boat is running in light trim under the gasoline engine drive, the storage cells can be recharged by connecting the dynamo to the engine; or the engine can be disconnected from the propeller and put its whole work into recharging through the dynamo. So that as long as the gasoline lasts the boat can always renew its power for under-water work, and can always have the full amount of electric power stored until this power begins to be used in submerged running.

The necessity for having the two kinds of motive power for the two kinds of work of the boat is apparent when one considers that, although the real effectiveness of the submarine boat is due to her capability to protect herself from gun-fire by dodging under water while she is working up to torpedo range of the enemy, by far the greater part of her service in both time and distance will be upon the surface. Another reason is that very much more gas-engine power can be had for like spaces and weights than can be obtained from electric storage cells. The use of two kinds of motive power compels a certain complication in machinery, but there is no better solution of the problem at present, and there will be none in general principle until a now unknown source of power is discovered.

### HER RADIUS OF ACTION IS FAR

It is certain that a modern practical submarine boat must be driven when under water by mechanical power. Manual power is not sufficient. A practical boat can be pushed only fifty or sixty miles by the largest electric storage battery she can carry. She can run twelve hundred miles on the expenditure of a quantity of gasoline that she can readily carry in addition to her storage battery. Suppose she has only the electric power, and has to move twenty miles off shore to reach the enemy; then she would have to reserve power for twenty miles to get back with, and could expend but about ten or twenty miles of push in action. In the kind of service



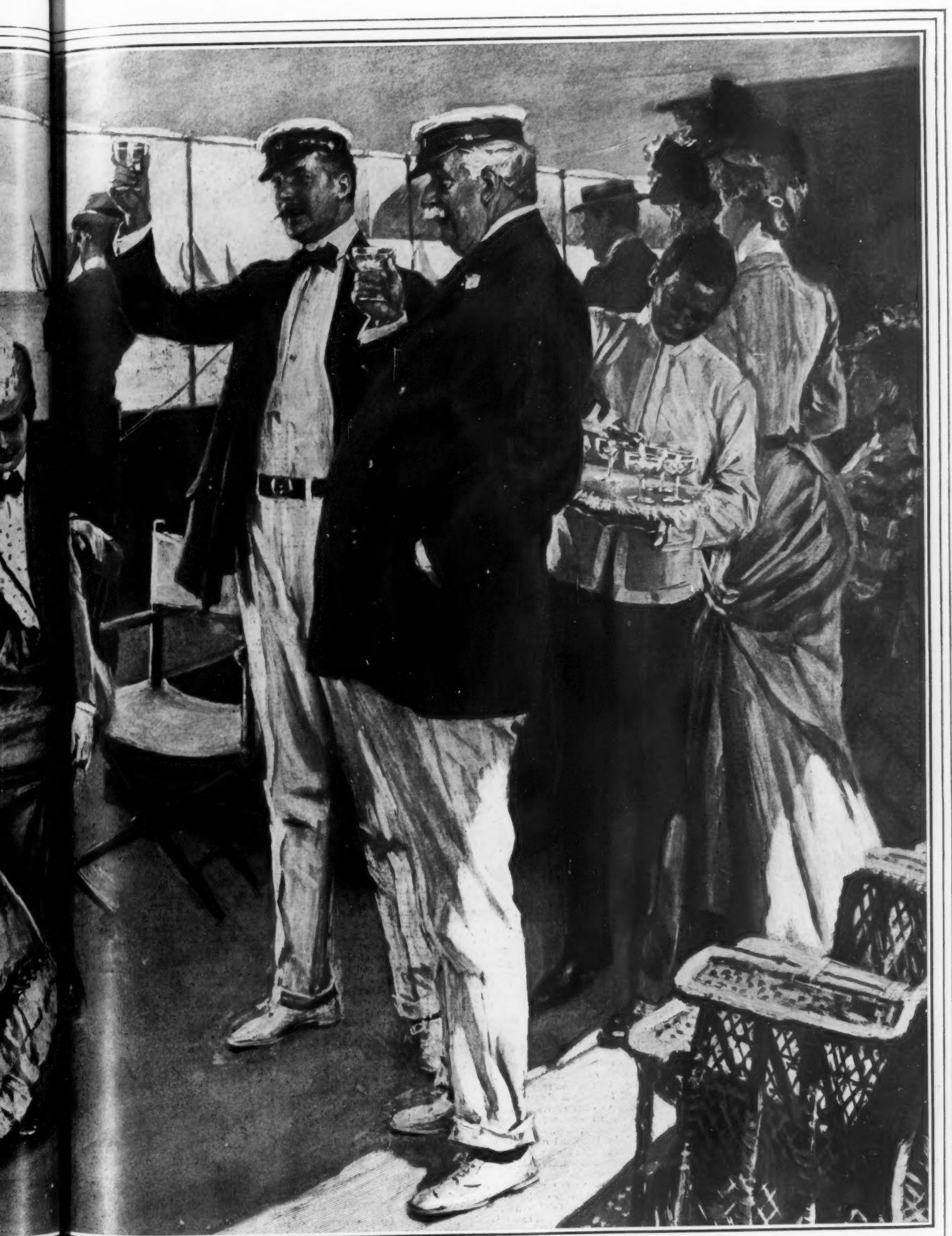
A POPULAR REPRESENTATION OF A SUBMARINE BOAT IN ACTION, SHOWING THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF THE SIX HOLLAND BOATS NOW BUILDING FOR THE UNITED STATES NAVY. DRAWN FROM THE NAVY DEPARTMENT'S PLAN, FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR



THE OPENING OF THE

DRAWN BY W. S.





# THE YACHTING SEASON

BY W. T. SMEDLEY

THE END OF THE SUBMARINE

"FINISHING" A BATTLESHIP



THE HANDLING-ROOM OF THE U.S. SUBMARINE BOAT "HOLLAND" WHEN RUNNING BELOW THE SURFACE AND PREPARING TO FIRE HER TORPEDO. THE FIGURE IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE GUNNER, WHO IS ADJUSTING THE WHITEHEAD TORPEDO PREVIOUS TO ITS BEING HAULED INTO THE LAUNCHING TUBE. BEHIND THE GUNNER IS THE PETTY OFFICER WHO CONTROLS THE HORIZONTAL DIVING RUDDERS. ON THE IRON LADDER STANDS THE CAPTAIN—WHO IS ALSO THE HELMSMAN—HIS FEET SHOWING BELOW

THE CONNING TOWER. IN ONE OF THE FORWARD COMPARTMENTS, TO THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE, WORKS THE TANK TRIMMER, WHOSE LEVER CONTROLS THE FORWARD TRIMMING TANKS. THE OTHER TRIMMING TANKS ARE SOMETIMES OPERATED BY THE GUNNER OR AN EXTRA MAN, WHOSE POSITION IS INDICATED BY THE CHAIR ON THE RIGHT OF THE DRAWING.—DRAWN BELOW SURFACE BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, THE ONLY ARTIST WHO HAS EVER BEEN PERMITTED IN THE "HOLLAND" DURING ACTUAL OPERATIONS.

she would be required to do she might need every possible pound of submarine push in her whole storage battery for a single action; the only way she could have all of it ready would be to keep her under-water power up to full limit until she arrived on the field of action, and the only way to so keep it up to the limit is to use surface power when on the surface both for running to the field of action, and for making up any expenditure of submarine power as soon as she can come to the surface out of hostile gun range, and use her gas engine to renew her store of electricity.

#### A DIVE TO THE OCEAN BOTTOM

To prepare to dive when running in light trim the first thing to do is to change to diving trim by opening valves which allow the main ballast tank placed in the bottom of the boat to fill. If the tank were not entirely filled the water in it could move, and thus tend to make the boat stand on end and steer badly. A small pipe from the top of the tank opens into the boat, and when water flows from it, showing that the tank is full and that all air has been forced out, the valves are closed, and the ballast thus becomes as immovable as if it were solid material firmly held in place. The filling of this tank takes away the greater part of the buoyancy the boat has in the light trim, and she settles in the water till the 18 inches of freeboard she had is nearly all gone, and only a little of the top of the shell and the conning-tower show above water. To work well in diving trim the boat must lie level in the water, with neither bow nor stern tilted up, and, as the main ballast tank must be quite full, the nice adjustments are made by letting more or less water into two trimming tanks, one in the forward, the other in the after, end of the boat. These are so small that the water in them cannot move enough to affect the trim. Besides these two end tanks there is a small cylindrical tank in the centre of the boat which may be only partly filled, and whose office it is to adjust the boat to her diving trim whether the water she floats in be fresher or saltier; i.e., more or less dense. While the ballast tank is filling, the conning-tower hatch is closed, the air-pipe rigged in and its opening closed, the gas engine is stopped and the electric motor substituted for the driving of the boat. The men of the crew take their stations, and although they can move about in performance of duty, they change position in a fore and aft direction no more than is necessary.

It would take some time to describe the operations of trimming for dive, sealing up the boat and shifting motors, but the operations themselves take only a very few minutes, and would be performed before reaching dangerous gun-fire range when approaching the enemy. If the enemy were approaching, the boat would drop to diving trim as soon as they were sighted, so that the boat would be more difficult to destroy. Having got into diving trim—i.e. fighting trim—the boat is ready for her work.

#### PILOTING A DEEP-SEA WARSHIP

The captain's head is in the conning tower, through the glazed peep-holes of which he can see the object to be steered for, and his hands are on the steering-wheel, which operates the vertical rudder, which steers the boat from side to side as such a rudder does in any surface craft. Under the captain's eye is a compass, and as he heads the boat in the direction he

wishes to go, by looking through the peep-holes he notes the compass course, and steers on that course as the water comes over his head and shuts out his view when the dive is made. Close to him, near his feet, is the diving helmsman, with his hands on the diving-wheel, which operates a horizontal rudder, which steers the boat up or down—just as the vertical rudder steers her from side to side. In front of his eyes is a dial pressure gauge, with a pointer working around it and showing the pressure of the water due to the depth to which the boat dives as he steers her under. The dial is marked in feet of depth, instead of pounds per square inch of water pressure, so that the diving helmsman can always see just how deep the boat is down. A small pressure gauge similarly marked is under the captain's eye in the conning-tower. Under the diving helmsman's eye is also a delicate and plainly marked clinometer, which shows the angle at which the boat goes down or comes up, and so informs the helmsman whether he is using too much or too little helm in descent or ascent. The usual angle of diving is about ten degrees. When the captain has her headed in the direction he wishes to go when under water, he gives the order and indicates the depth at which he wishes to run, as, "Dive! Twenty!" The diving helmsman puts his wheel over, and the boat inclines her bow downward. The diving helmsman watches the pointer on the depth gauge as it works around, and as it approaches the twenty foot mark he rights his helm and holds her steadily at that depth. If the captain wishes to change his depth he orders, "Ten!" or "Thirty!" and the diving helmsman steers up or down as the case may be, and steadies the helm on the new depth.

#### SUBMERGED BY STEERING, NOT BY SINKING

I am thus particular in describing how a submarine boat dives because there is a wide impression that she goes under by making herself heavier than water and sinking down, whereas, as a matter of fact, she is always a buoyant boat and is steered down or up as her motive power pushes her ahead. In other words, the motive power actuating her propeller pushes her down or up inclines in the water determined by the angles of the horizontal rudder, or pushes her along at a desired depth when the horizontal rudder is at just such an angle as to counteract the tendency of her buoyancy to float her up to the surface.

A boat a little heavier than water could be steered in the same way; but, in case of her machinery breaking down so that the propeller stopped, she would sink to the bottom, and if the water were deep enough she would be crushed by the pressure. If a breakdown of machinery occurred in the buoyant boat she would rise—and most crews of submarines prefer the idea of rising in case of such an accident. When the boat goes under, the air spaces within her are filled with fresh air at normal atmospheric pressure, which at once begins to be inhaled by the breathing of the crew, but which must not be allowed to become foul. Perfectly practicable ventilation is accomplished by slowly exhausting the air spaces—by slowly pumping the air overboard—and then, as the pressure of air within the boat falls below the normal, by letting compressed air from air-storage tanks expand into the air spaces

of the boat till the pressure is up to, or a little above, normal. This process constantly going on continually renews the breathable air in the boat, and the air bubbles are too small to be noticed. The supply of compressed air is sufficient for ventilation for days at a time, and the chief expenditure of it for mechanical purposes only occurs after the under-water work has been done and after the boat has been steered up to the surface, when it is desired to pass from diving or fighting to light or cruising trim. Compressed air is then used for blowing the water out of the ballast tanks, and as the boat is then open to the air, the compressed-air tanks are recharged, as are the electric storage cells.

#### DOWN AMONG THE FISHES

The strange sensations experienced by the passenger in making his first submerged run in a submarine boat are equal in number to the varieties of native snakes in Ireland. He sits in a compartment perfectly lighted by well-placed incandescent electric lamps, and while the boat is running under her gas engine he is annoyed by the clatter of the machinery and by a faint odor of gasoline. When the boat is sealed up and the ballast tanks filled, the gas-engine noise is replaced by the hum of the electric motor. This reminds him of an automobile, and he hears the hissing of the air driven from the ballast tanks as these fill. If the captain seals up before filling the ballast tanks, so as to keep the air from them in the boat for breathing, and thus runs up the pressure in the air space to slightly above normal, the passenger, if he have particularly delicate ear-drums, may be aware of pressure until he follows directions to open his mouth and go through the motions of swallowing. He notices that the boat's bow gently inclines downward, and that the tint in the water sloping over the deadlights overhead grows deeper, but he has to watch the depth gauge in order to realize that he is going under water and to ascertain how deep down he is. Then, as the gauge shows that the depth directed by the captain is reached, and the diving helmsman shifts his wheel, the passenger notices that the bow lifts until the axis of the boat is horizontal. While the level run at depth is being made, he notices that the diving helmsman uses his wheel very little, and that the depth does not vary more than a foot; and if he has been a student of the action of submerged bodies he realizes that there is a deal more of practicable utility in the stability of motion of buoyant bodies when under water than the books tell him about. When the order "Rise!" comes from the captain, he sees the diving helmsman turn his wheel, sees the depth gauge pointer move slowly back toward zero, feels the upward inclination of the bow, and notices that the dark tint in the water over the deadlights grows lighter and lighter, till the daylight shines through the sloping film. The order "Blow out tanks!" comes from the conning-tower. The passenger sees one of the crew turn a valve and hears the gurgling rush of the ballast water as the compressed air drives it from the tanks. The captain throws open the conning-tower hatch, and the under-water run is over. There has been no pitching or rolling, nor anything in particular. The passenger may have been interested and amused, but he feels rather resentful because he has failed to experience some undefined but



expected sensations connected with submarine navigation; and thereafter, when he reads newspaper accounts of the courage displayed and danger run by the President of France when making a trip in a submarine boat, he doesn't say anything—he just laughs.

#### ARMOR-PLATED NERVE

Both nerve and judgment are requisite for the proper handling of a submarine torpedo boat in action, slightly different in kind but not more in degree than for proper handling of a surface torpedo boat; and there are real dangers connected with submarine navigation as such. But these dangers are met by safety appliances fully as well as are the real dangers in moving per rail at fifty miles per hour. There are no reliable statistics of loss of life from the dangers of submarine navigation during four hundred years of experimenting, save one apparently true report of the loss of one life some two hundred and fifty years ago. It is true that thirty-two men were drowned in a submarine boat used by the Confederates during the War of the Rebellion, but every one of these lives was lost because the boat was not used as a submarine—because an inefficient surface boat was used as a still more inefficient surface boat under conditions to invite, to almost compel, the swamping which drowned the crews.

The submarine boat carries a torpedo in her torpedo tube in the bows, which tube is closed by an outer door capable of being opened from within the boat by means of a shaft and gearing. The firing attachment at the breech of the tube inside the boat is so arranged that it cannot be operated until the outer door is opened. Two to four other torpedoes are carried in the boat, each weighing nearly a ton. Now the whole weight of the boat must be always the same, and the centre of gravity always in practically the same place before and after discharging one or more of these ponderous objects. The compensation for the expending of these weights is accomplished by arranging to take aboard the weight of each torpedo in water as it is discharged, and by placing the centres of gravity of these weights of water just as far from the centre of gravity of the boat in fore and aft direction as the torpedoes were.

#### THE DOOM OF THE ARMOR-CLAD

In order to make torpedo practice successful the captain must see what he is firing at, and must get close enough to the enemy for a sure shot—within a half-mile under the best possible conditions, and ordinarily within a quarter-mile. He can run in the general direction of the enemy while the boat is submerged, and be perfectly protected from gunfire by the water above him, and perfectly concealed from sight, although the boat may have been seen before she went under. But he can't see anything outside the boat, and so must run till he estimates he is near enough for a shot, and then steer up till the periscopes of the conning-tower emerge and give him a look at the enemy. If he comes up too far away for good torpedo practice he is too far away to be hit by gun-fire during the six to ten seconds of time it takes for him to get a look ahead for the enemy, and can again go under, even if the enemy has seen him break water. If he is near enough for a shot, he heads for the enemy, and then points his torpedo tube, fires, and dives, all in from eight to sixteen seconds. In this time the enemy might possibly get a lucky shot into the boat and sink her, but under present conditions of gunnery the chance would be remote. The boat could certainly not be sunk before her torpedo was away, and if she were, she would have exchanged herself for a big ship of the enemy and so have amply fulfilled her reason of being. It is possible to use a periscope—a sort of camera lucida arrangement of mirrors in a tube, the end of which comes above the surface while the boat is a few feet under—and so sight the enemy without breaking water with the boat herself; but to get a quick all-around view, the periscopes of the conning-tower must come above water.

#### DEWEY'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEFEAT

Admiral Dewey has expressed the opinion that a couple of Spanish submarines of present efficiency in Manila Bay would have rendered impossible the beautiful work he did there on the 1st of May, three years ago. All the prominent naval officers who witnessed the work of the submarine *Holland* in the naval manoeuvres last summer have testified to her efficiency. The utility of and the reason for the use of submarines is fully covered by Admiral Hiebhorn, late Chief of Bureau of Construction and Repair, and member of the Naval Board on Construction, in an article in a technical publication last year, where he says:

"From the Report of the Endicott Board, from the oft-expressed opinions of naval officers, from the well-known conditions of our coast defences, fixed and mobile, even from a glance at the map of the United States in a primary geography—it is clear to the simplest mind capable of considering the subject that any enterprising enemy with whom we might engage in war would harass our

coasts for the purpose of drawing our fleet into local coast-defence work, and of thus crippling its true war-stopping or war-waging power by preventing the offensive work in which alone can its full power be put forth. It is apparent that shore forts and fixed mines can do no more than prevent entrance to our ports; that surface torpedo boats, though very valuable, cannot meet battleships in daylight; that coast-defence ships are either too expensive, if efficient, to be provided for all the points to be protected, or too inefficient if inexpensive.

"The securing of our coasts so that our fleet may be free to do its legitimate offensive work is most assuredly a most important duty.

"Can submarines do it? . . . .  
"After carefully considering all the conditions, and after ruthlessly cutting down the efficiency shown on official trials, I cannot conceive why the answer to the question should not be, 'Submarines can secure our coasts more perfectly than they can be secured in any other way at present practicable.'"

#### ERICSSON AND HOLLAND RIDICULED AT FIRST

Of course, like all new things, the submarine boat meets the strong opposition of very conservative naval opinion—just, for example, as the *Monitor* did when on the stocks, and when a very high naval authority declared that she would capsize when launched, and that if she did not capsize she would not float. A very high naval authority, too, has lately declared in a prominent review that the horizontal rudders of the *Holland* do not steer her under from the surface. The fact that many important naval officers and hundreds and hundreds of other people have seen the rudders perform that very function does not seem to have affected the making of the declaration in the slightest degree. Some of the methods for meeting submarine attack as proposed by the conservatives are deliciously simple. One of these, suggested by an eminent seaman, is "to run right over her." As the submarine could not be seen till she broke water to sight the enemy, and could be seen then for not more than ten seconds, and as it would take some minutes to head the ship for the boat in the attempt to run, this method could only result in giving the boat a particularly good chance to torpedo the ship. Another proposition is to "sink her with a torpedo-boat destroyer." This method might work well if the submarine would lie still on the surface for a considerable time and refrain from torpedo practice against the destroyer. It is true that a \$300,000 destroyer would not be so well worth sinking as a \$5,000,000 battleship, but it would seem that she would be worth a single torpedo shot. During fifteen years of advocacy of the use of submarines I have heard but three objections made by conservative naval officers: "It is not fair to protect oneself by water armor because it is not steel armor." "It is dangerous and uncomfortable." "You can't use 'em, and we don't want 'em, and we won't have 'em anyhow." It is difficult to meet the first two objections; the last is insuperable.

#### ALL THE WORLD IS BUILDING SUBMARINES

France is building a submarine flotilla of forty boats. England is building five, all naval countries are preparing to furnish themselves with the craft, and we have made a fair start by building seven. But we have not the foresight to see that we need them more than any other country in the world, as shown by the quotation from Admiral Hiebhorn; and, besides, we always prefer to lag behind the world in utilizing war devices, because we, the people, are such a very warlike and such an extremely unutilitary people that we never like to prevent war by preparing for it. We would rather let war come, and then needlessly expend thousands and thousands of lives and millions and millions of dollars, and congratulate ourselves because we can meet such expenditure and can continue to live up to the rule that has guided us since the birth of the Republic:

"In time of peace never consider the prevention of war."

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THE PROMINENT WORKING OFFICERS OF THE WORLD'S Y. M. C. A. AT THE BOSTON SEMI-CENTENNIAL JUBILEE, JUNE 11-16

## FIFTY YEARS OF Y. M. C. A. PROGRESS

By LUCIEN C. WARNER, Chairman International Committee Y. M. C. A.

IT WAS IN 1844 that George Williams, a London junior drygoods clerk, twenty-three years of age, founded in his native city the first Young Men's Christian Association. This was followed, in 1851, by similar organizations in Montreal and in Boston. To-day, the founder is Sir George Williams, knighted by his sovereign, and his son, Howard, represents him at the Boston Convention which is now celebrating the semi-centennial of the Association's beginning in North America.

It is a long leap from the single Association in London in 1844 to the 7,226 Associations now existing throughout the world, with a membership of more than 500,000, and an estimated value of buildings and grounds of more than \$26,000,000. All Europe is represented, with about 4,500 Associations and more than 250,000 members. Germany, in 1900, had 1,657 Associations, a membership of 92,500, and buildings valued at \$175,000. In France, where extreme difficulty attends the work, there are only 20 Associations with less than 5,000 membership. England has something more than 950 Associations with 81,000 members. Seven countries in Asia have 258 Associations with more than 10,000 members; Africa, 19 Associations with 2,700 members; and Oceania, with 15 Associations, exceeds 2,500 members.

The Associations of North America are less than one-fourth of the whole, but in this, their Jubilee year, they enroll nearly one-half of the total world membership, possess more than three-fourths of the total permanent property, and employ four-fifths of the men who are devoting their entire time to the work.

The Association Year Book for 1900 gives the following interesting facts:

1,639 Associations in North America;  
255,472 aggregate membership.

61 International secretaries, home and foreign.  
53 State and Provincial secretaries and assistants.  
1,019 General Secretaries, assistants and special department officers.

296 Physical directors and assistants.  
1,396 Employed officers, International, State and local.  
229 Associations own buildings and other real estate valued at \$21,620,220.

Annual cost of general work, International, State and Provincial . . . . . \$314,914  
Of the local Associations . . . . . \$2,620,241  
Situations found for young men . . . . . 14,365  
Average daily attendance at the Association rooms . . . . . 81,489  
Aggregate attendance at Bible Classes and religious meetings . . . . . 3,012,908

The organization aims to develop the physical, social, intellectual, and spiritual natures of young men. There are city and town Associations, student Associations, railroad Associations, Associations for colored young men, for German-speaking young men, for Indians, and for soldiers and sailors. The report of the Tenth Conference of the Railroad Associations held in Philadelphia a few months ago showed branches at 150 division points on American railways, with a membership of 37,000 railway employees, toward the support of which the railway corporations annually contribute more than \$180,000. The railway branches are generally housed in fine structures, with reading, writing, bath, rest, lunch, and social rooms; parlors, gymnasiums, bowling alleys, temporary hospitals, and educational classes; and have lectures, receptions, entertainments, and religious services. The success of the Railroad Association work of North America has attracted much attention abroad, especially in Russia. Under the patronage of Prince M. Khilkoff, Imperial Minister of Railways, Mr. Clarence J. Hicks, Associate-General Secretary of America, toured Russia with a view of extending the service on Russian railways. His Imperial Majesty the Czar honored Mr. Hicks with his thanks and the report of the tour was printed in the Russian language. This was followed by the appearance at the Tenth International Conference of the railway branches at Philadelphia last summer of two delegates, Deputy Ministers of Railways, sent by the Russian Government. As a result of the favorable report of these delegates it is probable that Railway Association work will be inaugurated on the Russian state railway lines.

The work for soldiers and sailors of the United States began simultaneously with the opening of the Spanish-American war, upon a plan which had for some years proved practicable at State encampments of National Guard troops through the State Young Men's Christian Associations. Committees were formed, large tents obtained, and 175 trained secretaries appointed to establish headquarters in every State and national encampment of troops, on naval vessels and transports and at naval stations. During the war the equipage of 90 large tents followed the troops into Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

The work did not cease with the close of hostilities. Associations have been organized on warships, and work has been done during the last year at 300 places among the enlisted men of the army. Travelling libraries of fifty volumes or more are in circulation in every place where a considerable body of troops is stationed. The army and navy branches have buildings in Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines, China,

and at many posts in the United States. At the Brooklyn Navy Yard, what is to be the finest building of its kind in the world is in process of erection, being provided for the use of the sailors through the generosity of members of the Women's Auxiliary of the International Committee, which has taken an especially active and helpful interest in the army and navy work.

Branch organizations for colored young men began in 1876. A recent report showed 74 Associations, 53 of these being in educational institutions. Forty-four Associations are maintained among the Sioux Indians, a movement which commenced in 1881. Mr. Arthur T. Tibbets ("Walking Horse") is the International Secretary in charge. A recent report shows that there are in existence 559 student Associations in institutions of higher learning, these Associations having a membership of more than 30,000. Connected with the city Associations there are some 340 boys' branches, with over 23,400 members.

The Educational Department is an important adjunct of larger Associations, accommodating nearly 25,000 students. More than fifty subjects are taught, of which twenty-five are standard courses outlined by the International Committee. A certificate for a course of prescribed studies is accepted by many colleges in lieu of an entrance examination. There are 763 reading-rooms, and 632 libraries with nearly a half-million volumes. All Association effort is naturally subordinated to religious work. Some 56,000 meetings are annually held, with nearly 2,500,000 persons in attendance and 40,000 Bible class sessions have a 500,000 attendance. For physical work, 491 Associations have gymnasiums.

The North American Associations also are vigorously pushing the organization of Association work in mission fields. The most recent report of the Foreign Department of the International Committee shows that there are now about 300 Associations in non-Christian lands with a total membership of nearly 16,000, of which about 160 are student Associations. There has been a marked increase in the membership of four leading local Associations at Tokio, Madras, Colombo, and Rio de Janeiro. There are National Committees in three mission fields—India, China, and Japan—which share with Americans the responsibility of the work of supervision.

Among the important foreign city Association buildings are those at Madras, valued at \$60,000, largely contributed by John Wanamaker; the Imperial University at Tokio, and at Rio de Janeiro.

From a statement issued last autumn by the Foreign De-



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partment of the International Committee the following facts are taken:

Mr. Yatman's visits, under the auspices of our Associations in Ceylon and India, resulted in the conversion of hundreds of young men. The tours of the secretaries, Messrs. Eddy and Wilder, have been attended with conversions at almost every place visited. In Japan there have also been conversions in connection with almost every visit made by secretaries. In Tokio, especially, the largest student centre in Japan, there have been large and powerful evangelistic meetings, some of which have been attended by as many as 650 young men. In China, the number of conversions has increased. The most wonderful student revivals in the history of Christianity in China took place during the months of February and March. For example, in Peking a revival started among members and lasted two weeks, resulting in a large number of young men accepting Christ.

The progress in Bible study in the Associations has been gratifying, as a result of the fact that foreign secretaries have continued to give it a prominent place in their plans and work. In Japan, over one-fourth of the active and associate members are engaged in regular Bible study; in China, nearly one-third; in Ceylon, nearly all; and in India, while the proportion is not so large, the facts are very encouraging. In the Chinese Associations alone, 559, or about one-half of the active members, observed the morning watch; that is, devoted the first half-hour of every day to Bible study.

The Associations of India have, during the year, undertaken a scientific study of the problem of the evangelization of their own country. One-half of the Associations of China held regular missionary meetings. This is a better showing than in America. The Japanese Associations are translating some of the best missionary biographies for use among the young men. In the Chinese college Associations last year the number of volunteers increased to nearly 300.

There is an Association in a college in North Ceylon which for many years has supported a native missionary worker on three neighboring islands and which has carried on effective evangelistic work in scores of villages on the mainland. Within the year, its members (former and present students) have founded a missionary society, under which two Tamils are at work in Southern India.

The New York City Association is the largest in the world. It has 10,000 members, with branches for students, soldiers, French young men, colored men, railroad men and young men in general, and is organized in twenty-eight localities and has property valued at more than \$2,000,000. There are several new structures in process of erection. The big central building on East Twenty-third Street, opened in 1869, which has served as a model for such buildings generally, has been sold, and near its site a magnificent structure will be constructed at a cost of \$500,000, exclusive of ground. Four men recently paid off the entire mortgage indebtedness.

An Association building for Columbia University is now being erected at a cost of more than \$100,000. The East Side Branch building will be soon completed by the expenditure of \$80,000, which has been recently subscribed. The Toucey Memorial building, to cost \$30,000, is being erected for the use of the Melrose Railroad branch.

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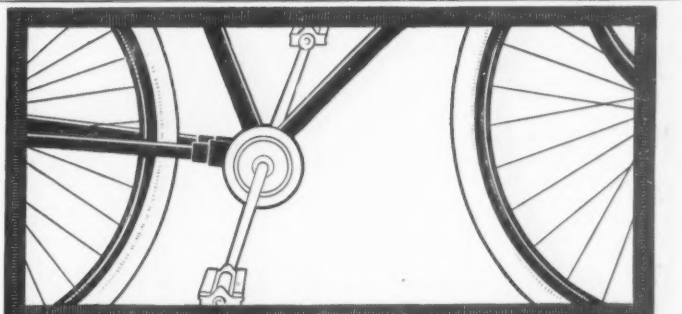
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# THE ETERNAL CITY

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ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volturno, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a long companion, whom twenty years later we see in Rome as David Rossi, the noted anarchist leader. Bruno, the Prince's daughter, now resides there also, and gossip connects her name with that of her guardian, Baron Rucconi, Prime Minister of Italy. In a public speech David alludes to this scandal, the consequence being that an intrigue is set afoot to ruin him. But Rossi, offering Roman friends, she ceases to wish for vengeance, and finally returns the passion he conceives for her. He tells her how her father died in Elba, having been driven back from England and deported at the instance of Rucconi. The Baron then informs Roma that years ago David Rossi was an abettor of Volturno's schemes against the Italian Government, by whom he was condemned to death, and requests her assistance in officially establishing David's personality. She declines, avowing her intention to marry David, in spite of her guardian's insistent reminder that in fact, though not by law, she was at one time wedded to himself. Meanwhile Rossi has addressed a meeting of disaffected poor, admonishing them to abstain from violence. The mob, though they have done no harm, are fired upon by order of the Premier, who also commands Rossi's arrest for seditious oratory. Rome is declared in a state of siege.

## IX

WHEN IN THE commotion of the household caused by the near approach of the crowd which brought Rossi home from the Coliseum little Joseph slipped down the stairs and made a dash for the street, he chuckled to himself as he thought how cleverly he had eluded his mother, who had been looking out of the bedroom window, and those two old watchdogs, his grandfather and grandmother, who were nearly always at the door. It was not until he was fairly plunged into the great sea of the city, and had begun to be a little dazed by more lights than he ever saw when he closed his eyes in bed, that he remembered he had disobeyed orders and broken his promise not to go out. But even then he told himself he was not responsible. He was Donna Roma's porter now. Therefore, he couldn't be Joseph, could he?

So with his magic mace in hand the serious man of seven marched on, and reconciled himself to his disobedience by thinking nothing more about it. People looked at him and smiled as he passed through the Piazza Madonna, where the Senate House stands, and that made him lift his head and walk on proudly; but, as he went through the Piazza of the Pantheon, a boy who was coming out of a cook-shop with a tray on his head cried, "Hello, kiddy! Playing Pulcinella?" and that dashed his wishful dignity for several minutes.

It began to snow, and the white flakes on his gold braid clouded his soul at first, but when he remembered that porters had to work in all weathers he wagged his sturdy head and strode on. He was going to Donna Roma's according to her order and invitation, and he found his way by his recollection of what he had seen when he made the same journey on Sunday. Here a tram-car coming round a corner, there a line of posts across a narrow thoroughfare, and then a fat man with a gruff voice shouting something at the door of a trattoria.

At the corner of a lane there was a shop window full of knives and revolvers. He didn't care for knives—they cut people's fingers—but he liked guns, and when he grew up to be a man he would buy one and kill somebody.

Coming to the Piazza Monte Citorio, he remembered the soldiers at the door of the House of Parliament, and the cellar full of long guns with knives (bayonets) stuck on the ends of their muzzles. One of the soldiers laughed, called him "Uncle," and asked him something about eating, but he only struck his mace firmly on the flag and marched on.

At the corner of the Piazza Colonna he had to wait some time before he could cross the Corso, for the crowds were coming both ways and the traffic frightened him. He had made various little sorties and had been driven back when a soft hand was slipped into his fat palm and he was piloted across in safety. Then he looked up at his helper. It was a girl, a young woman, with big white feathers in her hat, and her face painted pink and white like the face of the little Jesus in the crèche in church at Christmas. She asked him what his name was and he told her; also where he was going, and he told her that too. It was dark by this time, and the great little man was beginning to be glad of company.

"Aren't you afraid of carrying that heavy stick?" she said.

It wasn't a stick, and he wasn't a bit tired of carrying it. "But aren't you tired yourself?" she said, and he admitted that perhaps it was so.

So she picked him up, and carried him in her arms while he carried the mace, and for some minutes both were satisfied. But presently somebody in the Via Tritone cried out, "Hello, here comes the Blessed Bambino," whereupon his worshipful dignity was again wounded and he wriggled to the ground.

It began to thunder and there were some flashes of lightning, whereupon Joseph shuddered and crept closer to the girl's side.

"Are you afraid of lightning, Joseph?" she asked. "He wasn't. He often had it at home when he went to bed. His mother held his hand and he covered up his head in the clothes, and then he liked it."

The girl took the wee, fat hand again, and the little feet toddled on.

After vain efforts to take a kiss, which were defeated by a proper withdrawal of the manly head in the cocked hat, the girl with the feathers and the doll's face left him in the Via due Maccelli under a bright electric lamp that hung over the door to a cafe-chantant.

Joseph knew then that he was not far from Donna Roma's, and he began to think of what he would do when he got there. If the big porter at the door tried to stop him he would say, "I'm a little Roman boy," and the man would have to let him go up. Then he would take charge of the hall, and when he had not to open the door he would play with the dog, and sometimes with Donna Roma.

With sound practical sense he thought of his wages. Would it be a penny a week or twopenny? He thought it would be twopenny. Men didn't work for nothing nowadays. He had heard his father say so.

Then he remembered his mother, and his lip began to drop. But it rose again when he told himself that of course she would come every night to put him to bed as usual. "Good-night, mamma! See you in the morning," he would say, and when he opened his eyes it would be to-morrow.

He was feeling sleepy now, and do what he would he could hardly keep his eyes from closing. But he was in the Piazza di Spagna by this time, and his little feet in their top boots began to patter up the snowy steps.

There are three principal landings to the Spanish Steps, and the great little man of seven had reached the second of them when a noise in the streets below made him stop and turn his head. A great crowd carrying hundreds of torches was rushing into the piazza. They were singing, shouting, and blowing whistles and trumpets. It was like *belano*, in Piazza Navona, and when Joseph blinked his eyes he almost thought he was at home in bed.

All at once silence—then soldiers—then a jump all over his body like that which came to him when he was falling asleep—then a sense of something warm—then a buzzing noise—then a boom like that of the gun of St. Angelo at dinner-time . . . then a deep, familiar voice calling and calling to him, and his eyes opening for a moment and seeing his father's face.

"Good-night, papa! So sleepy! See you in the morning!" And then nothing more.

While Elena waited for Bruno's return with little Joseph she went up and down stairs between David Rossi's apartment and her own on all manner of invented errands. Meantime she tried to keep down her anxiety by keeping up her anger. Joseph was so worrisome. When he came home he would have to be whipped and sent to bed without his supper. It was true his spaghetti was ready on the stove, but he must not be allowed to touch it. You really must be strict with children. They would like you all the better for it when they grew up to be men and women.

But every moment broke down this brave severity, until the desire to punish Joseph for his disobedience was all gone. She stood at the head of the stairs and listened for his voice and his little pattering feet. If she had heard them her anxious expression would have given way to a cross look and she would have scolded both father and son all the way up to bed. But they did not come, and she turned to the dining-room with a downcast face.

"Where can the boy be? If I could only have him back! I will never let him out of my sight again. Never!"

David Rossi, who was walking in the sitting room to calm his nerves after a trying time, tried to comfort her. "It would be all right. Depend upon it, Joseph had gone up to Donna Roma's. She was to remember what Bruno told them on Sunday. 'The little Roman boy.' Joseph had thought of nothing else for three days, and this being his birthday . . ."

"You think so? You really think . . ."

"I'm sure of it. Bruno will be back presently, carrying Joseph on his back. Or perhaps Donna Roma will send the boy home in the carriage, and the great little man will come upstairs like the Lord Mayor. Meantime she has kept him to play with, and . . ."

"Yes, that must be it," said Elena, with shining eyes. "The Signorina must have kept him to play with him! He must be playing now with the Signorina!"

At that moment through the open door there came the sound of a heavy tread on the stairs, mingled with various

voices. Elena's shining face suddenly clouded, and Rossi, who read her thought, went out on to the landing. Bruno was coming up the staircase with something in his arms and behind him were the Garibaldian and his old wife and a line of strangers.

Rossi ran down two flights of the stairs and met them. He saw everything as by a flash of lightning. The boy lay in his father's arms. He was white and cold, with his head fallen back and his hair matted with flakes of snow. His gay coat was open and his little stained shirt was torn out at the breast. A stranger coming behind was carrying the cocked hat and the mace.

Elena, who was at the head of the stairs by this time, was screaming.

"Keep her away, sir," said Bruno. The poor fellow was trying to be brave and strong, but his voice was like a voice from the other side of an abyss.

They took the boy into the dining-room and laid him on the sofa. There was no keeping the mother back. She forced her way through and laid hold of the child.

"Get away, he's mine!" she cried fiercely. And then she dropped on her knees before the boy, threw her arms about him and called on him by his name.

"Joseph! Speak to me! Open your eyes and speak! . . . What have you been doing with my child? He is ill. Why don't you send for a doctor? Don't stand there like fools. Go for a doctor, I tell you . . . Joseph! Only a word! . . . Have you carried him home without his hat on? And it's snowing, too! He'll get his death of cold . . . what's this? Blood on his shirt? And a wound? Look at this red spot. Have they shot him? No, no, it's impossible! A child! Joseph! Joseph! Speak to me! . . . Yes, his heart is beating." She was pressing her ear to the boy's breast. "Or is it only the beating in my head? Oh, where is the doctor? Why don't you send for him?"

They could not tell her it was useless, that a doctor had seen the child already, and that all was over. All they could do was to stand around her with awe in their faces. She understood them without words. Her hair fell from its knot, and her eyes began to blaze like the eyes of a maniac.

"They've killed my child!" she cried. "He's dead! My little boy is dead! Only seven, and it was his birthday! O God! My child! What had he done that they should kill him?"

And then Bruno, who was standing by with a wild lustre in his eyes, said between his teeth, "Done? Done nothing but live under a government of murderers and assassins."

The room filled with people. Neighbors who had never before set foot in the rooms came in without fear, for Death was among them. They stood silent for the most part, only handing round the table the little cocked hat and the mace, with sighs and deep breathing. But some one speaking to Rossi told him what had happened. It was at the Spanish Steps. The Delegate gave the word and the Carabinieri fired over the people's heads. But they hit the child and made him cold. His little heart had burst.

"And I was going to whip him," said Elena. "Not a minute before I was talking about the rod, and not giving him his supper. O God! I can never forgive myself."

And then the blessed tears came and she wept bitterly. David Rossi put his arms about her and her head fell on to his breast. All barriers were broken down, and she clung to him and cried. He smoothed her hair and comforted her, saying in a low and tremulous voice, "He will gather his limbs in his arms and carry them in his bosom."

The strangers dropped their heads and began to go away. "Who says man says misery," said the Garibaldian, as he wiped his rheumy eyes, and gently pushed the people out. His old wife, who had taken charge of the hat and mace, was being comforted by some women near to the door. "He was so full of fun," she said. "Grandma," he used to say . . . but she could go no further.

"Well, we all of us come into the world crying, and none of us go out smiling," the women answered.

Just then there were cries in the piazza. "Hurrah for the Revolution!" and "Down with the destroyers of the people!" came in the woolly tones of voices shouting in the snow. Somebody on the stairs explained that a young man was going about waving a bloody handkerchief, and that the sight of it was exasperating the people to frenzy. Women were marching through the streets, and the entire city was on the point of rising.

In the dining-room the stricken ones were still standing by the couch. Presently there was a sound of singing outside. A great crowd was coming into the piazza singing the Garibaldi hymn. Bruno heard it and the wild lustre in his eyes gave place to a look of savage joy. An awful oath burst from his lips, and he ran out of the house. At the next moment he was heard in the street, singing in a thundering voice.

The old Garibaldian threw up his head like a warhorse at the call of battle, and his rickety limbs were going toward the door.

"Stay here, father," said Rossi, and the old man obeyed him.

Elena was quieter by this time. She was sitting by the child and stroking his little icy hand.



David Rossi, who had hardly spoken, went into his bedroom. His lips were tightly pressed together, his eyes were blood-shot and his breath was laboring hard in his heaving breast. The white heat of the silent, patient, despairing man was terrible.

"I can bear no more of it," he thought. "I have tried all peaceful means in vain. The man must die . . . and I must kill him!"

He took up his dagger paper-knife, tried its point on his palm with two or three reckless thrusts, and threw it back on the desk. Then he went down on his hands and knees and rummaged among the newspapers lying in heaps under the window. At last he found what he looked for. It was the six-chambered revolver which had been sent to him as a present. "I'll kill the man like a dog," he thought.

He loaded the revolver, put it in his breast-pocket, went back to the sitting-room and made ready to go out.

"Look!" said Elena, as he passed through the dining-room. She had been turning out the boy's pockets, and was crying over his little treasures as they came up one by one—a cork, a pebble, a rusty nail, and a piece of string.

It was more than Rossi could bear, and, without looking, he turned to the door.

"I'll not be long," he said. Something in his voice made Elena lift her eyes, and when she saw him it was almost as if another man stood before her.

"Mr. Rossi! . . . Brother! . . . What are you going to do?" she cried; but he was gone before the words were spoken.

## X

TEN was striking on the different clocks of the city. Felice had lighted the stove in the boudoir and the wood was burning in fitful blue and red flames. There was no other light in the room, and Roma lay with her body on the floor and her face downward on the couch.

The world outside was full of fearful and unusual noises. Snow was still falling, and the voices that came through it had a peculiar sound of sobbing. The soft rolling of thunder came from a long way off, like the boom of a slow wave on a distant sandbank. At intervals there was the crackle of musketry, like the noise of rockets sent up in the night, and sometimes there were pitiful cries, smothered by the unrelenting snow, like the cries of a drowning man on a foundering ship at sea.

Roma, face downward, heard these sounds in the lapses of a terrible memory. She was seeing as in a nightmare the incidents of an evil night that was hardly six weeks past. One by one the facts flashed back upon her with a burning sense of shame, and she felt herself to be a sinner and a criminal. It was the night of the Royal ball at the Quirinal. The blaze of lights, the glitter of jewels, the brilliant throng of handsome men and lovely women, the clash of music, the whirl of dancing, and finally the smiles and compliments of the King. Then going home in the carriage in the early morning, swathed in furs over her thin white silk, with the Baron in his decorations worn diagonally over his white breast, and through the glass the waning moon, the silent stars, the empty streets. . . .

The sobbing sounds from outside broke in on Roma's nightmare, and when the chain of memory linked on again it

was morning in her vision, and the Countess was comforting her in a whispering voice: "After all, God is merciful and there are things that happen to everybody that can be atoned for by prayer and penance. Besides, the Baron is a man of honor, and the poor maniac can't last much longer."

The sobbing sounds in the snow, the cries far away, the crackle of the rifle-shots, the rumble of the thunder broke in again, and the elements outside seemed to whirl round her in the tempest of her trouble. For a moment she lifted her head and heard voices in the next room.

The Baron was still there, and from time to time, as he wrote his despatches, messengers came to take them away, to bring replies and to deliver the latest news of the night. The populace had risen in all parts of the city, and the military had charged them. There had been several misadventures and many arrests. The large house of detention by St. Andrea della Fratte was already full, but the people continued to hold out. They had disconnected the gas at the gas-meter and cut the electric wires, and the city was plunged in darkness.

"Tell the electric light company to turn on the flashlight from Monte Mario," said the Baron.

And when the voices ceased in the drawing-room there came the deadened sound of the Countess's frightened treble behind the wall. "O Holy Virgin, full of grace, save me! It would be a sin to let me die to-night! Holy Virgin, see! I have given thee two more candles. Art thou not satisfied? Save me from murder, Mother of God!"

Roma saw another phase of her vision. It was filled with a new face, which made her at once happy and unhappy, proud and ashamed. Hitherto the only condition on which she had been able to live with the secret of her life was that she should think nothing about it. Now she was compelled to think, and she was asking herself if it was her duty to confess. Before she married David Rossi she must tell him everything. She saw herself trying to do so. He was looking vacantly before him with the deep furrow that came to his forehead when he was strongly moved. She had sobbed out her story, telling all, excusing nothing, and now she was waiting for him to speak. And when, at last, he spoke—"I thought the daughter of Joseph Roselli would have starved first!" She began to sob, but he showed no mercy. "I thought my little Roma . . ." he said, and then she heard no more, for his voice was thick and her own sobs were stifling her. After that he looked at her with swimming eyes and she thought his heart would fight for her. But no! "Why did you come to me and tell that lie?" he said, and then she could go no further. She could not confess to the plot to capture and degrade him. Her heart was bursting, but when she touched him he seemed to shrink away. "Well, there's no help for it! Good-night!" he said, and then the world was a blank, life was gone, and everything was dust and ashes.

"No, no! It is impossible!" she cried aloud, and, startled by the sound of her voice, the Baron came into her room.

"My dear child!" he said, and he picked her up from the floor. "I shall never be able to forgive myself if you take things like this. Every tear you shed will burn my flesh like fire. Come now, dry these sweet beautiful eyes and be calm."

"I have come to a decision," she said. "It may be sudden

but it is irrevocable, therefore do not try to alter it. I am going away."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "but don't let us talk of that now. You are disturbed. Things have happened so suddenly. By and by you will be better and then everything will seem different."

"My life here is at an end and I must go away. It has been wrong and false, and I am determined to put an end to it. I do not blame you more than myself, but I am ashamed of what has happened and I cannot bear to think of it any longer."

"This comes of sleeplessness, my child. Confess, now, that you have not been sleeping lately. Sleep, a little sleep, and all the world is changed."

She did not listen to him, but, leaning on the stove and fingering with one hand the frame of her father's picture which hung above it, she said, "I see now that happiness was not for me. There must be some punishment for every sin, however little one has been guilty of it, and perhaps this is God's way of asking for an expiation. It is very, very hard . . . it seems more than I deserve . . . and heavier than I can bear . . . but there is no help for it."

The tears she brushed from her eyes seemed to be gathering in her throat.

"The bitterest part of it is that I must make others suffer for it also. He must suffer who has loved and trusted me. His love for me, my love for him, this has been dogging him and dragging him down since the first day I knew him. Perhaps he is in prison by this time."

Sobs interrupted her for a moment, and in a caressing tone the Baron tried to comfort her. It was natural that she should feel troubled, very natural and very womanly. But Time was the great remedy for human ills. It would heal up everything.

"Well, everything seems to be over now," she said. "I will not trouble anybody much longer. I will break with the past altogether and leave everything behind me. In any case, I must have left this place soon. I am in debt to the landlord and to Madam Sella and to . . . to everybody. Perhaps when I am gone you will send somebody to settle up. I will take nothing with me but the dress I stand in. The jewelry, the horses and the carriages and the furniture will bring something. Do as you please with what I have, and if there is anything short perhaps you will make it up in memory of all that has happened. You will have nothing more to pay out of my father's estate anyway. . . . I shall be sorry to leave my aunt, although she has not been good company and we have never been friends. But she will be better off in her last days under your protection, and she may come to think more kindly of me by and by. If not, I can't help it now. I will go away to-morrow to begin a new life, and may God forgive me, and help me to purge my soul of the stain of the past."

Her voice failed her, and she broke down once more.

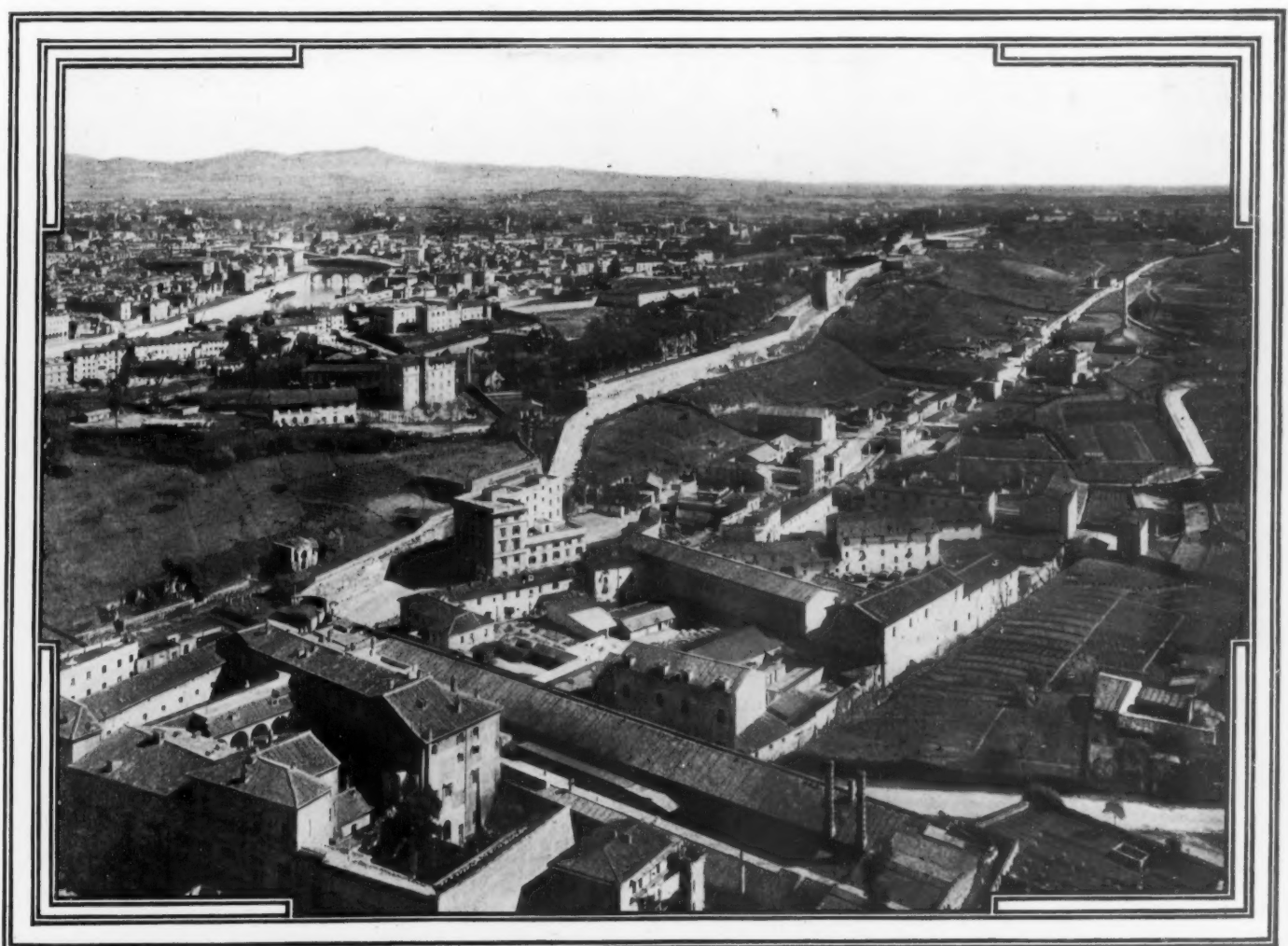
"Roma," said the Baron, "you are not well. When we meet again . . ."

"We can never meet again where I am going to."

She raised her beautiful eyes and he understood in a moment.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

She bowed her head.



A PANORAMA OF "THE ETERNAL CITY"—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

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## THE ETERNAL CITY

"You intend to bury yourself in a convent?"

"If they will have me—yes. It is my only refuge now. Where else can I hide myself? When a woman cannot look up in the face of the one she loves . . . when she has brought grief and pain and imprisonment on him who loves her best . . ."

"Roma," said the Baron. "I love you, too. Do you forget that? I love you, and I will not think of losing you."

The impressive man had undergone a change. He was trying to put his arms about her. She was holding him off.

"I do not wish to reproach you, but I cannot listen to you," she said. "You must think of me as one who is dead."

"But I don't want to think of you as one who is dead. I want you—you—you! I want your living heart to answer to my heart, I want the breath of your hair, and the light of your eyes, and the kiss of your lips. You shall not go into a convent. When Heaven has given a young woman beauty and gifts like yours she has no right to bury them in a cell. I refuse to think of it. And then I have waited for you so long! Is it nothing that before this man came into your life I was with you always? Think of your childhood. . . . Have you anything to reproach me with in the care I took of you then? And now that you are a woman, what do I want but to put you where your beauty and your gifts give you the right to be—ahead of every woman in Italy who does not sit upon a throne."

Again he tried to put his arms about her, and again she held him off, but with a feeble hand than before.

"Roma, you have wounded and humiliated and insulted me, but you are the only woman in the world I would give one straw to have. I will make you the wife of the Dictator of Italy, and when all these troubles are over and you are great and have forgotten what has taken place . . ."

"I can never forget and I don't want to be great. I only want to be good. Leave me!"

"You are good. You have always been good. What happened was my fault alone and you have nothing to reproach yourself with. I found you growing up to be a great woman, and passing out of my legal control, while I was bound down to a poor, helpless, living carcass. Some day you would meet a younger, freer man, and you would be lost to me for good. Wasn't it human to try to hold you to me until the time came when I could claim you altogether? And if meanwhile this man has interposed . . ."

He pointed to the bust on the pedestal. She looked up at it and then dropped her head.

"Say no more," she said. "I could not marry you, because I do not love you. But my will is broken—I have no more strength—leave me alone."

He allowed a moment to elapse, and when he spoke again he had regained his old impassive manner.

"Put the man out of your mind, my dear, and all will be well. Probably he is in the hands of the authorities already. God grant it may be so! No fear of his arrest this time! It cannot be complicated by libel or the danger of scandal. Nobody else's name and character will be concerned in it. And if it serves to dispose of a dangerous man and a subversive politician I am willing to let everything else sleep."

He paused a moment, and then added in his most incisive accents, "But if not, the law must take its course, and David Leone must complete what David Rossi has begun."

At that moment Felice's dark form stood against the light in the open door.

"Commendatore Angelelli and the Advocate Minghetti, Excellency."

As the Baron went back to the drawing-room Roma returned to the window. Scales of snow adhered to the glass and it was difficult to see anything outside. But the masses of shadow and sheets of light were gone, and the city lay in utter darkness. The sobbing sounds, the crackle of musketry and the rumble of thunder were all gone, and the air was empty and void. At one moment there was a soft patter as of a flock of sheep passing under the window in the darkness. It was a company of riflemen going at quick march over the snow with torches and lanterns.

Voices came from the next room, and Roma found herself listening.

"Apparently the insurrection is suppressed, your Excellency."

"I congratulate you."

"The military are patrolling the streets, and all is quiet."

"Good!"

"We have some hundreds of rioters in the houses of detention, and the military courts will begin to sit to-morrow morning."

"Excellent!"

"The misadventures have been few and unimportant—the child I spoke of being the only one killed."

"You have discovered whose child it was?"

"Yes, Unluckily . . ."

Roma felt dizzy. A thought had flashed upon her.

"Unluckily it is the child of Donna Roma's man, Bruno Rocco, and apparently . . ."

A choking cry rang through the room. Was it herself who made it?

"Go on, Commendatore. Apparently . . ."

"The child was dressed in some carnival costume, and apparently he was on his way to this house."

Roma's dizziness increased, and to save herself from falling she caught at a side-table that stood under the bust. On this table were some sculptor's tools—a chisel and a small mallet, with which she had been working. There was an interval in which the voices were dazed and confused. Then they became clear and sharp as before.

"But the most important fact you have not yet given me. I trust you are only saving it up for the last. The Deputy Rossi is arrested?"

"Unfortunately. . . . N-o, Excellency."

"No?"

"He left home immediately after the outbreak, and has not been seen since. Presently the flashlight will be turned on by a separate battery from Monte Mario, and every corner of the city shall be searched. But we fear he is gone."

"Gone?"

"Perhaps by the train that left just before the signal."

Roma felt a cry rising to her throat again, but she put up her hand to keep it down.

"No matter! Commendatore, send telegrams after the train to all stations up to the frontier, with orders that nobody is to alight until every carriage has been overhauled. Minghetti, go to the Consulta immediately, and ask the Minister of Foreign Affairs to despatch a portrait of Rossi to every foreign government."

"But no portrait exists, Excellency. It was a difficulty I found in England."

"Yes, there is a portrait. Come this way."

Roma felt the room going round as the Baron came into it and switched on the light.

"There is the only portrait of the illustrious Mr. Deputy, and our hostess will lend it to be photographed."

"Never!" said Roma, and, taking up the mallet, she struck the bust a heavy blow, and it fell in fragments to the floor.

Half an hour afterward Roma was sitting amid the wrecks of her work, when the Baron, wearing his fur-lined overcoat and pulling on his gloves, came into the boudoir.

"I am compelled," he said, "to inflict my presence upon you for a moment longer in order to tell you what my attitude in the future is to be and what feelings are to guide me. I will continue to think of you as my wife according to the law of nature, and of the man who has come between us as your lover. I will not give you up to him whatever happens, and if he tries to take you away, or if you try to go to him, you must be prepared to find that I offer every resistance. Two passions are now engaged against the man, and I will not shrink from any course that seems necessary to subdue either him or you or both."

"Do what you please," she answered. "Degrade me, drag me in the dust, if you like, but you will not make me help you to destroy David Rossi, whatever you do."

"We shall see. I have conquered worse obstacles, and—who knows?—perhaps in this instance Nature herself will fight for me to call you back to your true place and your duty."

An involuntary shudder passed over her and she looked at him with frightened eyes.

"Meantime, my child, remember that in my eyes you are as pure as a Madonna, always have been, always will be. Good-night!"

A moment afterward she heard the patrol challenging him on the piazza. Then, "Pardon, Excellency," and then the soft swish of carriage-wheels in the snow.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### INSTRUMENTS

To-day we are the fruits of Yesterday

And what To-morrow shall of us demand—

The helpless tools within the Master's hand

To do His will and never say Him nay.

He blends our souls with iron, fire, or clay,

He shapes our doom according as He planned

The scheme of life, and who shall understand

The why He gives or why He takes away?

Somewhere the universal loom shall catch

These broken, flying threads like thee and me,

And, twined with other broken threads to match,

As back and forth the year's swift shuttles

flie,

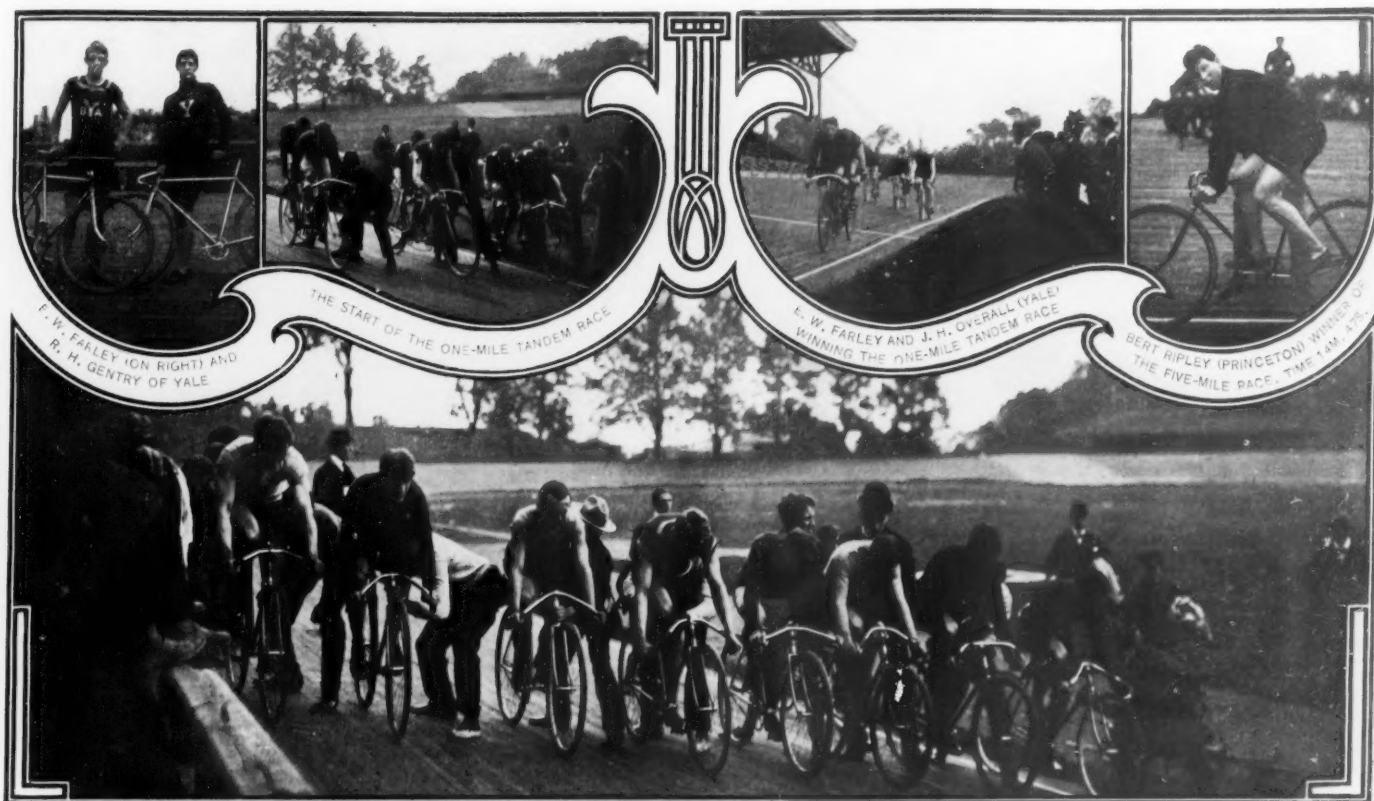
So weave them all together one by one,

Till lo! the finished woof is brighter than the

sun.

CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE.



THE START OF THE FIVE-MILE RACE  
THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BICYCLE MEET, BERKELEY OVAL, DECORATION DAY

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

### THE ROWING SITUATION (CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK)

AS TO the races at home, all the crews here have a longer period for practice than has the Pennsylvania Henley eight, and their form and quality are not yet as marked. At Columbia, Hanlan has been working most diligently, and whatever be the results of the Poughkeepsie regatta he has certainly started rowing in popularity at Columbia with a vigor it has not attained at the university for years. Columbia used to be one of our foremost rowing universities, and every one has felt keenly the loss of prestige by the blue and white in that branch. Hanlan has taught the men good watermanship already, and in that respect they are better than any Columbia crew has been for a long time. More than that, they have not sacrificed the substance to the shadow, as did the crew which rowed at Poughkeepsie two years ago. That crew had a good deal of style, but a deadly hang over the catch which minimized all the rest of their work.

At Ithaca there has been the most earnest work done since the year when Cornell sent a crew to Henley. Cornell is thoroughly displeased at the succession of defeats administered to the red and white, and third place for two years in a regatta containing no boats from Harvard or Yale has been a bitter pill to swallow. That is the thing to be relieved, and Courtney and Cornell know it. Courtney never turns out a really poor crew, and in appearance the crews for the last two years have been quite up to the standard, but in power and drive they have been lacking. It is on that point that Courtney is putting in his most earnest work.

Wisconsin, as of old, will be an unknown quantity until they make their plucky trip from the Middle West on to New York State. But having been for two years the dark horse which has pressed the winner so very hard has made their reputation, and no one views lightly the crews that O'Dea and McConville have sent to the Hudson. Strong weedy fellows for the most part, and rowing a powerful stroke, they have driven their boat along over the four miles in such time as to put Pennsylvania to the limit of speed to cross the line first. This year, O'Dea, Hanlan and Courtney all know that Ward will send his best to England, and that there will be a long time between the sailing of Ellis Ward for England and the day when the Pennsylvania Poughkeepsie eight will line up on the Hudson River course. During that month O'Dea, Courtney and Hanlan will be laboring with their crews to take advantage of the opportunity.

What Georgetown and Syracuse may do cannot be estimated on the present showing, and we must wait for a sight of them on the Hudson before passing any judgment. The defeat of Georgetown by Annapolis may be an excellent thing for the Washington men.

As for the race at New London, the killing contest which took place between the crimson and blue there last year is enough to give one assurance that there is likely to be no easy time for either crew on the Thames. Harvard lost her stroke only a few days before the race last year, and in the race itself the substitute stroke collapsed only a short way from the finish when the two boats had been rowing a neck-and-neck race for over three miles. The style of the two crews, while not identical, was similar. Harvard had a little more life and dash, but Yale kept her boat going more smoothly and uniformly. In a four-mile race this smoothness counts for a great deal with a crew that has the necessary power.

Up to this writing both the crews are crude, but New London will see the polishing off, and it is safe to say, considerable increase of speed. Both crews have likewise made

satisfactory times for this season of the year. There is some question as to whether the Yale crew has not been carried too fast, but on the belief that hot weather may prevail at New London, the theory is a safe one that the men should be worked hard while it is cool, and given an opportunity to preserve their life and spirit and not be driven too much during the last week or so.

Harvard has by far the wider selection, owing to her system of rowing clubs, and eventually this should tell heavily against Yale; but it is a condition that may not always turn out the best crew in a year or two, and it is upon this that Yale bases her hopes.

There is no more interesting event in the bicycle year than the Irvington-Millburn road race. There are always surprises, and there is sure to be plenty of excitement. This year the crowd was much smaller than usual, because in some way the report went out that the race might be postponed. As a matter of fact, those who have seen former races ridden in rain and mud were hardly deceived by this rumor.

The race should have been started at half-past ten, but the first men did not set off on their journey until two hours later. Seventy-eight of the ninety-seven entries started, and in spite of the heavy going the race was a good one. David Turner, the winner, is a Newark plumber, twenty-eight years old, and this was his first experience in racing. He had a handicap of 4½ minutes, and his net time was 1 hour 15 minutes and 20 seconds. George Miller of Baldwins, L. I., a 4-minute man, took second, and Harry Jewell of New York, a 6-minute man, took third. Achorn won the first-time prize with 1 hour 12 minutes and 45½ seconds. Schlee, another scratch man, was one-fifth of a second behind Achorn, while Van Velsor, the third scratch man, finished in 1 hour and 13 minutes. Only one man met with serious injury; David Smith, who sustained a fracture of the leg in a fall. Turner, the winner of the race, is 5 feet 9½ inches in height, and weighs 156 pounds in the buff.

There has never been a more evenly rounded, steady riding team sent to the Intercollegiate than the bicycle organization which represented Yale this year. They won the half-mile, the quarter-mile, the one-mile tandem, in the latter making a new intercollegiate record of 2 minutes and 3 seconds. They took second place in the mile and five-mile, and their total number of points scored was 36. Princeton came second with 17, Pennsylvania third with 7, Columbia fourth with 1. Immediately after the meeting, O. G. Butts was elected captain for next season.

The first Yale-Princeton ball game, while an exhibition of most extremely ragged ball playing, proved exciting enough to suit the most blasé. Princeton for some eight innings played a steady game with few brilliant features. Yale seemed overstrung, and made schoolboy errors, both those that would find place in the actual error column as well as those of which no record could be made. When Yale came to the bat for the last half of the ninth inning the score stood Princeton 8, Yale 3; Yale needing five to tie and six to win. With one man out, Robertson, the Yale captain, knocked a three-base hit, which began the grand finale. After that the Princeton short-stop, Cosgrave, secured the wrong elevation for the first baseman and sent ball after ball over his head up

against the grandstand. Four separate times was the ball knocked to the short-stop, and as often did he put it wild, thus enabling Yale to win at the very end. It is safe to say that neither of the two nines will play as bad ball again this season.

Cornell has turned out this year a most remarkable runner in the person of Sears, who took the 220-yard dash in the Intercollegiate races. He followed up that performance by winning, in the Cornell-Princeton dual meet, the 100-yard dash in 10 seconds, the 440 in 52½, and the 220 in 22½. He is a runner with great speed and almost a mechanical perfection of form. Thanks to him, Cornell defeated Princeton in the meet by 64 points to 49.

When the Herreshoffs built the first Cup defender, *Vigilant*, they gave her a 26-foot beam and a 13-foot draught. *Vigilant* carried a centreboard and defeated *Valkyrie*, which had a 204-foot beam and a 164-foot draught. When the Herreshoffs built *Defender*, two years thereafter, they gave her

a 23-foot beam and a 19-foot draught. The second English boat that was sent over, *Valkyrie II*, had a 27-foot beam and an 18½-foot draught. The *Columbia* of two years ago had a beam of two inches over 24 feet and a 19-foot 10-inch draught, while the first *Shamrock* had a 244-foot beam and a 22-foot draught. *Constitution*, the boat that the Herreshoffs have built as a Cup defender this year, has a 25-foot 2-inch beam and a 20-foot draught. In other words, *Constitution* is the product of the steady improvement or advance along certain lines which N. G. Herreshoff, the designer and constructor, has been making while at the same time he has been winning his races. Her lines indicate a refined *Columbia*, and Herreshoff himself believes that she will be the fastest boat yet turned out for international yacht races. *Constitution*'s deck measures the same as the old *Columbia*'s. Her fore foot is cut away and her bulb lead is placed low. As will be seen from the above measurements, she is a foot wider than *Columbia*. She has a slightly flatter floor, a larger hollow at the turn from the keel into the body of the boat, and a sharper turn at the bilges. All this tends to make her a more powerful boat. She has about the same draught as *Independence*, built for Mr. Lawson, and quite two feet more beam. *Constitution*'s keel construction is the same as was used in *Defender* in 1895, but the arrangement of the frames is an adaptation of the web frame with a longitudinal section. The web frames are placed 6 feet 8 inches apart. It was always said that the weakest point in *Defender* was under the mast, and the strain there nearly produced disaster in the first races of that year. In *Constitution*, as in *Columbia*, the mast step is carried on a pyramid with a broad base, thus distributing the downward thrust over a far larger area. Finally, her mast, of curved steel plates riveted and braced, is two feet longer over all than that of *Columbia*. The length from the upper side of the boom to the topsail halyard block is 11 feet more than *Columbia* has, although it is a couple of feet less than that of *Independence*. With this large sail spread it is still calculated that *Constitution* will be far from tender, and yet be more easily driven and do faster reaching sailing down the wind.

The accident which occurred to the yacht Tuesday, June 4, so curiously similar to the misfortune which overtook *Columbia* August 2, 1899, happened, as near as it can be reckoned, in the same place. With the breaking of her spreader her mast



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## A Remarkable Photograph

The Art Director of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY* begs to call attention to the notable double-page illustration of

## President and Mrs. McKinley

which appeared in the issue of June 1st.

The plate was made directly from a photograph taken by Albert Hedley. It is in many respects the most lifelike picture ever shown of the President and the First Lady of the Land.

To meet demands, a number of artists' proofs of this plate, measuring 25 x 21 inches, have been pulled on heavy plate paper. These proofs have been carefully and excellently made and are suitable for framing. They will be sent to subscribers, carefully packed, on receipt of **FIFTY CENTS**.

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bent over to port, leaving the spars and rigging a tangled mass of wreckage. The accident gives rise to speculation regarding the construction of our new yacht masts. Probably proper investigation will determine whether it is faulty construction or simply fatality.

The accident befell the Cup defender while she was engaged on a trial spin, with Mr. Duncan, manager, and Mr. Oliver Iselin aboard, on the afternoon of June 4, off Brenton's Reef Lightship, Newport, R. I. Without any premonitory sign, the starboard lower spreader suddenly collapsed at the mast. The three remaining steel shrouds parted and the hollow steel mainmast broke off about three-fifths of its length above the deck. Luckily, the whole crew, with one exception, had time to escape to windward. The second mate, Edward Nelson, was caught in some of the rigging and carried overboard. He was immediately hauled aboard. Mr. Herreshoff, the designer, superintended the clearing of the deck, and the yacht was then towed to her moorings—near the torpedo station. At Bristol, R. I., she is to be given a new mast.

At the recent meeting of the I.A.A.A.A., James E. Sullivan, secretary of the A.A.U., took the place of the late W. B. Curtis as referee. This is a natural order of succession, Mr. Sullivan having been for years Mr. Curtis's right-hand man in these matters, backing him up in his efforts for clean athletics through the clubs, and at the same time being probably the best executive man connected with amateur athletics to-day. The games were ably managed, the only disagreeable feature being the abominable weather for the finals.

Another excellent appointment of the committee was the selection of Frank N. Ellis of Philadelphia as Graduate Manager in place of Mr. Shiras, who has gone abroad. Mr. Ellis is one of the most competent managers who has ever handled field sports in this country. His work at Philadelphia in the relay races and other events has shown him a perfect master of the subject, and any one who thinks it is a simple matter should undertake the task once and become satisfied that the duties require the greatest executive force combined with good temper, judgment and general suavity.

Workman, the present president of the Cambridge Athletic Club, in the Cambridge University races, won the half mile run in 1 minute 57 3/5 seconds. This, in view of the conditions, is something remarkable. There is only one man over there who has beaten it on an English varsity track, and that is

F. J. K. Cross of Oxford. Kilpatrick, at his very top form the day of the meeting between the New York Athletic Club and the London Athletic Club at Manhattan Field some five years ago, ran it against Horan, the English Cambridge varsity man, in 1 minute 53 2/5 seconds. The performance of Workman is especially interesting in view of the international contest this year. He is the man who won the deciding event in England when the Yale and Harvard combined teams went over and contested with Oxford and Cambridge. The last event on the programme was the three-mile run. Neither of the American universities had any men with any records, and, in fact, with any ability, so far as could be discovered from their practice, for this event. The Englishmen had two first-class men and one or two other fair ones. Workman was the best of the lot. He is a light chap, with a rather peculiar gait, and his form is not impressive. The one thing he can do, though, seems to be to run forever and spurt when necessary. That is his reputation there, and he has fully carried it out whenever he has been called upon. In this case, for the American colleges, Palmer of Yale seemed to have an inspiration on that particular day, and by this managed to give the Englishmen, Workman included, the fright of their lives. England and America stood even on events, and this three-mile run, the last on the programme, was the deciding event. After a mile the Americans were all out of it save Palmer, who had attached himself to the bunch of Englishmen and was keeping along. His mates had not helped him out at all, but were simply strung out almost a lap behind. Palmer set sail in an attempt to find out what the Englishmen were made of, and before he stopped two of them had fallen fainting on the track in the attempt to keep with him. But Workman stayed, and the two went see-sawing around until next to the last lap when Palmer, his lips already blue, but still game for a final try, spurred and passed Workman in the hope that the Englishman would give up. It was Palmer's dying effort, and those who saw him, and were aware of the fact that he had already shown a performance far beyond his record and form, knew that if the Englishman responded America's chances were gone. Workman saw him pass, and then, with an endurance for which he is certainly phenomenal, straightened up and went out after him. There was a slight struggle as he came up to Palmer's shoulder, but the American was all out, and Workman went by and finished the last lap almost as he pleased, although Palmer stuck gamely to the track and finished out.

WALTER CAMP.

## AGUINALDO IN CAPTIVITY

(SEE PAGE 4)

TO THE historic Malacanán Palace—the former residence of the Spanish Governor-General, subsequently occupied by Major-General MacArthur—Senor Emilio Aguinaldo y Famu, President of the erstwhile Filipino Republic, was consigned, a prisoner of war, his sole companions being his chief of staff, Senor Colonel Villier, his surgeon and the acting Treasurer of the Filipino Republic, Dr. Barcelona, who were captured with him.

They were furnished with pleasant quarters on the south side of the palace—on the second story of which a piazza overlooks the water gate, or river entrance, to the palace from the Rio Pasig—a commissioned officer, a non-commissioned officer and a sentinel being continually on guard. And here he has had before him every hour of the day a striking object lesson of the beneficent and far-reaching effect of American rule in these islands, as casco after casco filled with the produce of the tropical lake country to the east of Manila comes floating down to meet the wonderfully increased demand for all kinds of wares, or as a string of empty boats, crowded with contented and happy natives, in tow of a busy, puffing tug, slowly makes its way up-stream against the heavy current.

A subtle and significant sign of the temper of his former followers, who two short years ago hailed him enthusiastically as the deliverer and savior of their land, is that they now show no sign even of curiosity, usually a marked characteristic of the natives, as they float past the windows of his quarters and the piazza adjacent thereto which directly overlooks the river.

Aguinaldo and his staff have been treated with the greatest consideration and kindness by the government. He has been allowed to interview or see any one with whom he wished to talk or discuss public affairs. During the past year he has been moving his capital with such frequency that he has lost touch, to some extent, with current matters of State. He dines with the Governor-General and his staff, and has several muchachos, or attendants, to minister to his personal wants.

It was several days after his arrival at the palace before he took the oath of allegiance to the United States. This step was taken after mature deliberation and several conferences

with the former members of his Cabinet, his generals in the field, and the leaders of the new conservative party, which has recently been organized under American supervision in the islands, and has gained many adherents. These leaders had themselves surrendered and taken the oath, together with Senor Cayetano Arellano, a Filipino, the Chief-Justice of the Philippine Supreme Court; being especially attracted by the new and just code of laws enacted by the Philippine Commission, and also by the laws passed by the Commission in its legislative capacity. The admiration of his friends for these measures, which ensure complete liberty to the individual and breathe such a spirit of justice to all, finally swayed Aguinaldo. It was several days before the fact that he had taken the oath, and was writing a proclamation to his people, was known even to those that were in the palace at the time of the ceremony. Nothing was publicly known of his proclamation until it was issued by the military authorities. The administration of the oath took place in a room of the palace, in the presence of the military Governor, his military secretary, Senor Arellano (the Chief-Justice), and an interpreter.

At present Aguinaldo is busily studying English, which he likes to practice on all who come near him that speak that tongue. He has lost his taciturnity to some degree, and now appears much more cheerful and contented than he did when first he was brought to the palace. His mother, wife and relatives have visited him, as well as numerous friends.

In personal appearance the famous captive is very much like his pictures, wearing his hair pompadour-fashion, as is shown in all of his photographs. He is a medium-sized Filipino, and does not strike one as being an intellectual giant; yet he has a bright, intelligent face—characteristically Filipino, however. It is rumored that Aguinaldo will soon visit the United States, and in view of that probability a detailed personal description would be superfluous. It is quite possible he will be lionized and very much in evidence—should the rumor turn out to be well founded—and the American citizens will have an opportunity to examine at close range this much-abused, much-lauded, much-pursued Oriental.



## THE OPERATOR'S STORY

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 10)

wrecking boss grabbed it like a pay check. Calhoun, who was catching the news from the rattle of young Giddings, went wild trying to repeat it to Duffy without losing it in his throat. The Chief was opening his eyes—trying to understand.

Medical men of violently differing schools—allopaths, homeopaths, eclectics—made their peace with a whoop. A red-headed druggist, who had rung himself in for a free ride to the harbor, threw his emergency packets into the middle of the floor. The doctors caught the impulse; instrument cases were laid with solemn tenderness on the heap, and a dozen easy men, joining hands around the pyrexia and gauze, struck up "Old Hundred."

Engineer Monsoon was a new man, who had been over the division only twice before in his life—both times in daylight. For that emergency Abe Monsoon was the man of all others, because it takes more than an ordinary moon to scare a thoroughbred West End engineer. But Monsoon and his moon headlight had between them saved DeMolay Four from the scrap.

The relief arrangements and Monsoon's headlight were the fun of it, but there was more. Martin Duffy lay eleven weeks with brain fever before they could say moon again to him. Bob had skipped into the mountains in the very hour that he had disgraced himself. He has never shown up at Medicine since; but Martin is still Chief, and they think more of him than ever on the Mountain district.

Bucks got the whole thing when DeMolay Four reached Rat River that night. Bucks and Callahan and Moore and Oyster and Pat Francis got it and smiled grimly. Nobody else on Special 326 even dreamed of leaving his bones that Sunday night in the Cinnamon out. All the rest of the evening Bucks smiled just the same at the Knights and the Knightesses, and they thought him for a bachelor wonderfully entertaining.

A month later, when the old boys came straggling back more or less ragged from "Frisco, Bucks' crowd stopped over a train, and he told his Pennsylvania cronies what they had slipped through in that delay at Rock Point.

"Just luck," laughed one of the Eastern superintendents, who wore on his watch chain an enormous Greek cross with "Our Trust is in God" engraved on it. "Just luck," he laughed, "wasn't it?"

"Maybe," murmured Bucks, looking through the Wicking window at the Teton peaks. "That is—you might call it that—back on the Penn. Out here I guess they'd call it, just God."

THE END

### FEMININE LOGIC

"Yes," she exclaimed indignantly, "but he kissed me by force."

"Oh, well," replied her dearest friend nonchalantly, "if you hadn't resisted he wouldn't have had to use force."

Then, quite irrelevantly, apparently, they fell to discussing the relative desirability of hotel and flat life, and the average income of bank clerks.

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He speaks, also, of Mrs. Josephine Kelly, living at Elkhart, Ind. Says she was afflicted much as he was, but had become more emaciated than he. So she quit drinking coffee and took on Postum Food Coffee. She is now a healthy and robust lady and willing to make affidavit that Postum Food Coffee saved her.

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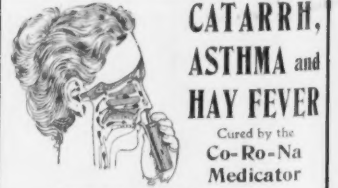
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